

THE
HISTORY
OF
Timon of Athens,
THE
MAN-HATER.
As it is acted at the
DUKES THEATRE.
Made into a
PLAY.

By *THO. SHADWELL.*

Licensed, *Feb. 18. 1673.* *Reo. L'Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Blue Anchor*,
in the *Lower Walk of the New-Exchange*, 1678.

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The Epistle Dedicatory.
To the Most
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
GEORGE
DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Nothing could ever contribute more to my having a good opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good men and men of sense admire you, and none but Fools and ill men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly sensible what honour it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own

The Epistle Dedicatory.

have so clearly shown the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and so justly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once serve for the greatest example, and the sharpest reproof. And no man who has perfectly understood the *Rebearsal*, and some other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epistle to make a Declaration upon these and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough: who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the honour to know him already give him. Amongst which number I think it my greatest happiness to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted sometimes into your Graces Conversation, the most charming in the World. I am now to present your Grace with this History of *Timon*, which you were pleased to tell me you liked, and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of *Shakespear* in

The Epistle Dedicatory.

in it, which never made more Masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a Play. Which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no man can value more than I shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My Lord,

Your Graces

Most Obedient,

humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

Pro-

Prologue

TO

TIMON.

Since the bare gleanings of the stage are grown }
The only portion for brisk Wits o'th' Town, }
We mean such as have no crop of their own; }
Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse,
As you do Mistresses for others use:
The wittiest Play can serve him but one day,
Though for three months it finds you what to say.
Yet your Creditors of wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
Poor Echo's can repeat wit, though they've none, }
Like Bag-pipes they no sound have of their own, }
Till some into their emptiness be blown.

Yet —
To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad,
And labour for't, as if they were Wit-mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o'th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into reputation.
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole business make,
For labour'd dullness grievous pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a Foolish Song.
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
And by this means a parlous Judg will seem.

Wit is a common Idol, and in vain
Fops try a thousand wayes the name to gain.
Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with sence upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one line submits,
Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with ease.
In the Art of Judging you as wise are grown,
As in their choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat shap't Barbary Wits you will despise,
And none but lusty Sinewy Writers prize.
Old English Shakespear-stomachs you have still,
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with skill.
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down;
Set but your stamp upon't, though it be brass,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass.
Try it to day and we are sure 'twill hit,
All to your Sovereign Empire must submit.

Timon

It is a common thing to find
Figs in a thicket with a few

leaves of the tree

to be seen

in the

leaves

of the

tree

to be

seen

in the

leaves

of the

tree

to be

seen

in the

leaves

of the

tree

to be

seen

in the

Timon of Athens,

OR THE

MAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Demetrius.

Dem. **H**OW strange it is to see my Riotous Lord
 With careless Luxury betray himself!
 To Feast and Revel all his hours away;
 Without account how fast his Treasure ebbs,
 How slowly flows, and when I warn'd him of
 His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
 He nipt my growing honesty i'th' Bud,
 And kill'd it quite; and well for me he did so.
 It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit:
 But now like Evil Councillours I comply,
 And lull him in his soft Lethargick life.
 And like such cursed Politicians can
 Share in the head-long ruine, and will rise by't:
 What vast rewards to nauseous Flatterers,
 To Pimps, and Women, what Estates he gives!
 And shall I have no share? Be gon, all Honesty,
 Thou foolish, slender, thredbare, starving thing, be gon!

B

Enter

Enter Poet.

Here's a fellow-horseleech : How now Poet, how goes the world ?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows : but is Lord ~~Timon~~ visible ?

Dem. Hee'll come out suddenly, what have you to present him ?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muse : She's in travel daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you gross flatterer.
By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written [Aside.
Himself up to my Lords Table,
Which he seldom fails ; nay, into his Chariot,
Where he in publick does not blush to own
The sordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my Noble Lord was Epigram : But this is in Heroick style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by style ? that of good sence is all alike ; that is to say, with apt and easie words, not one too little or too much : And this I think good style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' matter ! apt and easie !
Heroicks must be lofty and high sounding ;
No easie language in Heroick Verse ;
'Tis most unfit : for should I name a Lion,
I must not in Heroicks call him so !

Dem. What then ?

Poet. I'de as soon call him an Ass. No thus——
The fierce Numidian Monarch of the Beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it ?

Poet. O yes ! but a Lion would sound so baldly, not to be
Endur'd, and a Bull too--- but
The mighty Warriour of the horned Race :
Ah --- how that sounds !

Dem. Then I perceive sound's the great matter in this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you sound a Fox as you call it ?

Poet. A Fox is but a scurvey Beast for Heroick Verse.

Dem. Hum --- is it so ? how will a Raven do in Heroick ?

Poet.

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.
 That black and dreadful fate-denouncing fowl.
 Dem. An excellent sound --- But let me see your Piece.
 Poet. I'll read it --- 'Tis a good morrow to the Lord *Timon*.
 Dem. Do you make good morrow sound loftily?
 Poet. Oh very loftily! —

*The fringed Vallance of your eyes advance,
 Shake off your Canopy'd and downie trance :
 Phœbus already quaffs the morning dew,
 Each does his daily lease of life renew.*

Now you shall hear description, 'tis the very life of Poetry.

*He darts his beams on the Larks mossie-house,
 And from his quiet tenement does rouse
 The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
 Which sings its lump of Body to a Soul :
 Swiftly it clambers up in the steep air
 With warbling throat, and makes each noat a stair.*

There's rapture for you! hah! —

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. *This the sollicitous Lover straight alarms,
 Who too long slumber'd in his Cœlia's arms :
 And now the swelling Spunges of the night
 With aking heads stagger from their delight :
 Slovenly Taylors to their needles hast :
 Already now the moving shops are plac'd
 By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
 And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.*

Who d'ye think are now? Why — Nothing but Herb-women : there are fine lofty expressions for Herb-women! ha! — Already now, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

(4)

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description though.

Dem. Yes, in twenty lines to describe to him that 'tis about
The fourth hour in the morning—I'll in and let
Him know in three words 'tis the seventh.

[*Exit Demetrius.*

Enter Musician.

Poet. Good morning Sir : whither this way ?

Mus. To present his Honour with a piece of Musick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very spirit of Nobility—
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth,
His Universal bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, and several others.

Jewell. Good morrow Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the house!

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws?
Magick of bounty—These familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewell. 'Tis of an excellent water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry : but you
present a speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing slipt idly from me :
The fire within the flint shews not it self—
Till it be struck ; our gentle flame provokes
It self——

(*vokes*

Dem. You write so scurvily, the Devil's in any man that pro-
You, but your self.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Paint. So, so.

Dem. Now must these Rascals be presented all,
As if they had sav'd his honour or his life;
And I must have a feeling in the business.

Enter

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd! [*Enter more who pass over.*]

Paint. See more, well, he's a noble spirit!

Jewel. A most worthy Lord!

Poet. What a flood of Visitors his bounty draws!

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,

As well of glib and slippery Creatures, as

Of grave and austere quality, present

Their services to Lord *Timon's* prosp'rous fortune.

He to his good and gracious nature does subdue

All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd flatterer

To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical Churl

Who hates the world, and does almost abhor

Himself—

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the finest Picture!

Poet. The joy of all mankind; deserves a *Homer* for his Poet.

Jewel. A most accomplisht person!

Poet. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all parallel!

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this man poor, would fly
As I would them, if I were he.

[*Soft Musick.*]

Poet. Here's excellent Musick!
In what delights he melts his hours away!

Enter Timon and Senators, Timon addressing himself courteously to all.

Tim. My Lord, you wrong your self, and 'bate too much
Of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must receive it.

Isidore. Your Lordship has the very soul of bounty.

Pheax. You load us with too many Obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my friends too much.

My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courser which I rode on.

He's

He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Pheax. I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.

Tim. My word is past : is there ought else you like ?
I know my Lord; no man can justly praise
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My Friends affections with my own :
So kindly I receive your visits, Lords :
My heart is not enough to give, me thinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne're be weary.

Ælius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast bounty !

Cleon. The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you !

Pheax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.

Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.

Isand. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.

Thrasyl. None but the Sun and He oblige without

A prospect of Return.

Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon.

Tim. *Lampridius* imprison'd! say you ?

Mess. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his debt :
His Means are short, his Creditors most strict,
He begs your Letter to those cruel men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruine.

Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off
My Friend when most he needs me : I know him,
A Gentleman that well deserves my help;
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me :
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after—tell him so.

Mess. All happiness to your honour.

[Exit Messenger.]

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good Father.

Old Man. You have a Servant nam'd *Diphilus*.

Tim. I have so, that is he.

Old Man. That fellow there by night frequents my house,
I am a man that from my first have been
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Estate deserves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a trencher.

Tim Go on.

Old Man. I have an only Daughter : no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The Maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
This man attempts her love ; pray my good Lord
Joyn with me to forbid him ; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself ;
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her ?

Diffil. Yes, my good Lord, and she accepts of mine.

Old Man. If to her marriage my consent be wanting,
I call the gods to witness, I will make
The Beggars of the street my Heirs e're she
Shall have a drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me long ;
There is a duty from a Master too ;
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
What e're your Daughters Portion weighs, this
Mans shall counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you so my Noble Lord ! upon your honour
This, and she is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand : my Honour on my promise.

Diffil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my knees :
May I be as miserable as I shall be base
When I forget this most surprizing favour :
No Fortune or Estate shall e're be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rise. I'll be do good with prospect of return,
That were but merchandizing, a mere trade
Of putting kindness out to use.

Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon :
What have you there my friend?

Paint. A piece of Limning for your Lordship.

Tim. 'Tis welcome. Plike it, and you shall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here is the Jewel!

Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the wearing.

Tim. Well mock't.

Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all men think.

Apem. Scum of all flatterers, wilt thou still persist
For filthy gain, to gild and varnish o're
This great Man's Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.

Apem. Yes, and without him too : vain credulous *Timon*,
If thou believ'st this Knave, thou art a fool.

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good morrow to thee.

Apem. Till, I am gentle; stay for thy good morrow
Till thou art *Timon's* dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?

Apem. They're *Athenians*, and I'll not recant;
Th'are all base Fawners; what a coile is here
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the legs they make
Are worth the summes they cost you; friendship's full
Of dregs; base filthy dregs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth for cringes.

Ælius. Do you know us fellow?

Apem. Did I not call you by your names?

Tim. Thou preacheest against Vice, and thou thy self art
proud *Apemantus*.

Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.

Tim. Why so?

Apem. To give belief to flatt'ring Knaves and Poets,
And to be still my self my greatest flatterer:

What

What should Great Men be proud of, instead of noise
 And pomp and show, and holding up their heads,
 And cocking of their noses; pleas'd to see
 Base smiling Knaves, and cringing fools bow to 'em?
 Did they but see their own ridiculous folly,
 Their mean and absurd vanities; they'd hide
 Their heads within some dark and little corner,
 And be afraid that every fool should find 'em.

Tim. Thou hast too much sowness in thy blood.

Poet. Hang him, — n'er mind him —

Apem. What is this foolish animal man, that we
 Should magnifie him so? a little warm,
 And walking Earth that will be ashes soon;
 We come into the world crying and squalling,
 And so much of our time's consum'd in driv'ling infancy,
 In ignorance sleep, disease and trouble, that
 The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Pheax. A preaching fool.

Apem. A fool? if thou hadst half my wit thou'dst find
 Thy self an Ass! Is it not truth I speak?
 Are not all the arts and subtleties of men,
 All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
 All their Diversions, all their Sports, little enough
 To pass away their happiest hours with,
 And make a heavy life be born with patience?

Tim. I with the help of friends will make mine easier
 Than what your melancholy frames.

Apem. How little dost thou look before thee!
 Thou, who tak'st such great felicity in Fools and Knaves,
 And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e're long
 Find 'em such thin, such poor and empty shadows,
 That thou wilt wish thou never hadst been born.

Tim. I do not think so.

Pheax. Hang him, send him to the *Arcopagus*, and let him
 Be whipt!

Apem. Thus innocence, truth and merit often suffer,
 Whil'st injurers, oppressors and desertless fools
 Swell in their brief authority, look big

And strut in Furs ; 'tis a foul shame,
 But 'tis a loathsome Age,——it has been long
 Imposthumating with its villanie ;
 And now the swelling's broken out
 In most contagious ulcers ; no place free
 From the destructive Pestilence of manners ;
 Out upon't, 'tis time the world should end !

Tim. Do not rail so——'tis to little purpose.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my morning lecture,
 And I'll be gone——

Tim. Whither ?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenians* brains.

Tim. Why ? that's a deed thou'lt die for *Apemantus*.

Apem. Yes, if doing nothing be death by the Law. (Stare ?)

Tim. Will nothing please thee ? how dost thou like this Pi-

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for, 'twill
 Neither lie, drink, nor whore,

Flatter a man to his face, and cut his

Throat behind his back ;

For since false smiles, and base

Dishonour traffique with mans nature,

He is but mere outside ; Pictures are

Even such as they give out : Oh ! did you see

The insides of these Fellows minds about you,

You'd loath the base corruptions more than all

The putrid Excrements their bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How lik'ft thou this Jewel ?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a
 Man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth ?

Apem. What fools esteem it, it is not worth my thinking.

Lo, now the mighty use of thy great Riches !

That must set infinite value on a Bawble !

Will't keep thee warm, or satisfie thy thirst,

Or hunger ? No, it is comparison

That gives it value ; then, thou look'ft upon

Thy finger, and art very proud to think

A poor

A poor man cannot have it : Childish pleasure !
 What stretcht inventions must be found to make
 Great wealth of use ? Oh ! that I were a Lord !

Tim. What would'st thou do ?

Apem. I would cudgel two men a day for flattering me,
 Till I had beaten the whole Senate.

Phaex. Let the Villain be soundly punish'd for his
 Licentious tongue.

Tim. No, the man is honest, 'tis his humour : 'Tis odd,
 And methinks pleasant. You must dine with me

Apemantus.

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet they with all their modest simperings,
 And varnish'd looks can swallow Lords, and get
 Great bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
 Vizors on, till a poor little Bastard steals into
 The world, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicius.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome ! most welcom to my arms !
 You are the Fountain from which all my happiness
 Did spring ! your matchless Daughter, fair *Mellissa*.

Nic. You honour us too much my Lord.

Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens* ! the chief delight
 Of Nature, the only life I live by : Oh, that her vows
 Were once expir'd ; it is methinks an Age till that blest day
 When we shall joyn our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a week, my Lord.

Tim. 'Tis a thousand years.

Apem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to compleat
 All thy calamities, that plague of Love,
 That most unmanly madness of the mind, #
 That specious cheat, as false as friendship is,
 Did'st thou but see how like a sniveling thing
 Thou look'st and talk'st, thou would'st abhor or laugh at
 Thy own admir'd Image.

Tim. Peace : I will hear no railing on this subject.

Apem. Oh vile corrupted time, that men should be
Deaf to good Counsel, not to Flatterie.

Tim. Come my dear friends, let us now visit our gardens,
And refresh our selves with some cool Wines and Fruit :
I am transported with your Visits !
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unless it be in that he can more bestow
Upon the men he loves.

Alia. My Noble Lord, who would not wed your friend-
ship, though without a Dowrie ?

Isodor. Most worthy *Timon* ! who has a life you may not
call your own ?

Phæax. We are all your slaves.

Poet. The joy of all Mankind.

Jewel. Great spirit of Nobleness.

Tim. We must not part this day my Friends. (supple

Apem. So, so, crouching slaves aches contract and make your
Joynts to wither ; that there should be so little
Love among these Knaves, yet all this courtesie !
They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss
As if they were of different Sexes : Villains, Villains.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Evandra. Re-enter Timon. (chang'd,

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra* ! methinks your looks are
And clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my ears this morning were saluted with
The most unhappy news, the dismal'st story
The only one cou'd have afflicted me ;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted.
With a cold sweat o're all my limbs.

Tim. What was it Madam ?

Evan. You speak not with the kindness you were wont,
I have been us'd to tenderer words than these :
It is too true, and I am miserable !

Tim. What is't disturbs you so ? too well I guess. [*Aside.*

Evan. I hear I am to lose your Love, which was
The only earthly blessing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my life depended.

Tim. No, I must ever love my Excellent *Evandra* !

Evan.

Evan. *Melissa* will not suffer it : Oh cruel *Timon*;
 Thou well may'st blush at thy ingratitude !
 Had I so much towards thee, I ne're shou'd show
 My face without confusion : Such a guilt,
 As if I had destroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
 All thy Estate, and made thee infamous !
 Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
 All cold respects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind so far above return;
 That 'tis beyond expression.

Evan. Call to mind
 Whose Race I sprung from, that of great *Alcides*;
 Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
 And my unspotted Fame yielded to none.
 You on your knees a thousand times have sworn,
 That they exceeded all, and yet all these,
 The only treasures a poor Maid possess't,
 I sacrific'd to you, and rather chose
 To throw my self away, than you shou'd be
 Uneasie in your wishes ; since which happy
 And yet unhappy time, you have been to me,
 My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All,
 I never had one single wish beyond you ;
 Nay, every action, every thought of mine,
 How far soe're their large circumference
 Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you : You were
 My End, the only thing could fill my mind.

Tim. She strikes me to the heart ! I would I had
 Not seen her. [*Aside.*]

Evan. Ah *Timon*, I have lov'd you so, that had
 My eyes offended you, I with these fingers
 Had pluckt 'em by the roots, and cast them from me :
 Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
 Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open :
 Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can say this ;
 And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heav'n can witness
 By many long repeated acts of Love,

And

And Bounty I have shew'd you——

Evan. Bounty! ah *Timon*!

I am not yet so mean, but I contemn
Your transitory dirt, and all rewards,
But that of Love, your person was the bound
Of all my thoughts and wishes, in return
You *have* lov'd me! Oh miserable sound!
I would you never had, or alwayes would.

Tim. Man is not master of his appetites,
Heav'n swayes our mind to Love.

Evan. But Hell to falseshood:

How many thousand times y' have vow'd and sworn
Eternal Love; Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
You of your Oaths to me; nor can I ever,
My Love's as much too much as yours too little.

Tim. If you love me, you'll love my happiness,
Melissa; Beauty and her Love to me
Has so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
My dear, false *Timon* swore to me, would you
Have wish't I might have found my happiness
Within anothers armes? No, no, it is
To love a contradiction.

Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.

Evan. Besides, *Melissa*'s beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock,
Even modesty may praise it self when 'tis
Aspers'd: But her Love is mercenary,
Most mercenary, base, 'tis Marriage Love:
She gives her person, but in vile exchange
She does demand your liberty: But I
Could generously give without mean bargaining:
I trusted to your honour, and lost mine,
Lost all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
I should have lost my Love, and cast it on
A barren and ungrateful soil that would return no fruit.

Tim. This does perplex me, I must break it off. [*Aside.*]

Evan. The first storm of your Love did shake me so,

It threw down all my leaves, my hopeful blossoms,
Pull'd down my branches; but this latter tempest of your hate
Strikes at my root, and I must wither now,
Like a desertless, sapless tree : must fall——

Tim. You are secure against all injuries
While I have breath——

Evan. And yet you do the greatest.

Timon. You shall be so much partner of my fortune
As will secure you full respect from all,
And may support your quality in what pomp
You can desire.

Evan. I am not of so course a Mould, or have
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought
That's yours without you——
But, oh thou too dear perjur'd man, I could
With thee prefer a dungeon, a low and loathsome dungeon
Before the stately gilded fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the noise, the show, the revelling,
And all the glittering splendour of a Palace.

Tim. I by resistless fate am hurry'd on——

Evan. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.

Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd——

Evan. It had a pre-engagement——

Tim. All the great men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry and to preserve my Race.

Evan. Suppose your Wife be false; (as 'tis not new
In *Athens*;) and suffer others to graft upon
Your stock; where is your Race? weak vulgar reason!

Tim. Her honour will not suffer her.

Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her honour.

Tim. Her love will then secure her; which is as fervent:

Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long, and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* Law
Made Love a merchandize, to traffick hearts
For marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?
Now her great sign of Love, is, she's content
To bind you in the strongest chains, and to

A slavery;

A slavery, nought can manumize you from
But death : And I could be content to be
A slave to you, without those vile conditions——

Tim. Why are not our desires within our power?
Or why should we be punish't for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own affections;
They're mov'd by some invisible active Pow'r,
And we are only passive, and whatsoever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience
To our desires, we suffer, not commit
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
That we must suffer first, and then be punish't for't.

Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle——but what
Security of Love from her can be like mine?
Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does consist
Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
First list'd o're the Threshold, and then
Led by my Parents to *Minerva's* Temple:
No young unyok'd Heifers blood was offer'd
To *Diana*; no invocation to *Juno*, or the *Parca*:
No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
Nor was your house adorn'd with Garlands then;
Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted
By my dear Mothers torches to your bed:
Are these slight things, the bonds of truth and constancy?
I came all Love into your arms, unmixt
With other aims; and you for this will cause
My death.

Tim. I'de sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to *Melissa*,
For I shall die to see another have
Possession of all that e're I wish't for on earth.

Tim. I would I had not seen *Melissa*:——

Evan. Ah my dear Lord, there is some comfort left;
Cherish those noble thoughts, and they'l grow stronger,
Your lawful gratitude and Love will rise,
And quell the other rebel-passion in you;

Use all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'll die to make you happy.

Tim. You have moved me to be womanish; pray retire,
I will love you.

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bless my Dear;
Farewell: but will you never see *Melissa* more?

Tim. Sweet Excellence! Retire.

Evan. I will——will you remember your *Evandra*?

Tim. Yes, I will.

How happy were Mankind in Constancy,
'Twould equal us with the Celestial Spirits!
O could we meet with the same tremblings still,
Those panting joyes, those furious desires,
Those happy trances which we found at first!
But, oh!

*Unhappy man, whose most transporting joy
Feeds on such luscious food as soon will cloy,
And that which shou'd preserve, does it destroy.*

[Exit Timon.]

ACT II.

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

WHat think'st thou *Chloe*? will this dress become me?

Chlo. Oh, most exceedingly! This pretty curle
Does give you such a killing Grace, I swear
That all the Youth at the Lord *Timon's* Mask
Will die for you.

Mel. No: But dost thou think so *Chloe*? I love
To make those Fellows die for me, and I
All the while look so scornfully, and then with my
Head on one side, with a languishing eye I do so
Kill 'em again: Prithee, what do they say of me,
Chloe?

Chlo. Say! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddesses, their Destiny, and talk of *Cupid's* flames,

D

And

And darts, and Wounds ! Oh the rarest language,
 'Twould make one die to hear it ; and ever now
 And then steal some gold into my hand,
 And then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me ?

Chlo. Oh yes, the finest, properest Gentlemen——

Mel. But there are not many that die for me ? humh——

Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamachus, Theodorus, Theſſalus, Eumolpides,*
Memnon, and indeed all that see your Ladiship.

Mel. I'll swear ? how is my complexion to day ? ha *Chloe* ?

Chlo. O most fragrant ! 'tis a rare white wash this !

Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought ; had I not best
 Lay on some more red *Chloe* ?

Chlo. A little more would do well ; it makes you look
 So pretty, and so plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this morning in dressing.

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three hours.

Mel. No more ! well, if I were sure to be thus pretty but seven
 Years, I'd be content to die then on that condition.

Chlo. The gods forbid.

Mel. I'll swear I would ; but dost thou think *Timon* will
 Like me in this dress ?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dress, Madam !

Mel. Oh this vile tailor that brought me not home my new
 Habit to day ; he deserves the Ostracisme ! a Villain,
 To disorder me so ; I am afraid it has done harm
 To my complexion : I have dreamt of it these two nights,
 And shall not recover it this week——

Chlo. Indeed Madam he deserves death from your eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well ? will not *Timon*
 Perceive my disorder ?——hah——

Chlo. Oh no, but you speak as if you made this killing
 Preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the
 Young Blades follow, kiss my hand, admire, adore me,
 And die for me : but I must have but one favour'd
 Servant ; it is the game and not the quarry, I
 Must look after it in the rest.

Chlo. Oh

Chlo. Oh Lord, I would have as many admirers as I could.

Mel. Ay so would I—but favour one alone.

No, I am resolv'd nothing shall corrupt my honesty;

Those admirers would make one a whore *Chlo.*

And that undoes us, 'tis our interest to be honest.

Chlo. Would they? No I warrant you, I'de fain see

Any of those admirers make me a Whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honestly and is rich—

Chlo. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*:

He is the rarest person I ever saw (tisul'st man,

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: oh he was the beau-

The finest wit in *Athens*, the best companion, fullest of mirth

And pleasure, and the prettiest wayes he had to please Ladies,

He would make his enemies rejoyce to see him.

Chlo. Why? he is all this, and can do all this still. (*cries*

Mel. Ay, but he has been long banish'd for breaking *Mercu-*

Images, and profaning the mysteries of *Proserpine*;

Besides, the people took his Estate from him,

And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart I swear:

I vow methinks I look so pretty to day, I could

Kiss my self *Chloe*.

Chlo. Oh dear Madam—I could look on you for ever: oh

What a world of murder you'll commit to day!

Mel. Dost thou think so? ha! ha! no, no—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon*'s come to wait on you, and begs

Admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Desire his presence.

Tim. There is enchantment in her looks,

Afresh I am wounded every time I see her:

All happiness to beautiful *Melissa*.

Mel. I shall want none in you my dearest Lord.

Tim. Sweetest of Creatures, in whom all th' excellence

Of heav'nly Woman-kind is seen unmixt;

Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.

Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,

And that I am sure has no allay, 'tis of

So strong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it——

Tim. Dear charming sweet, thy value is so great,
No Kingdom upon Earth should buy thee from me:
But I have still an enemy with you,
That guards me from my happiness; a Vow
Against the Law of Nature, against Love,
The best of Nature, and the highest Law.

Mel. It will be but a week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us, still the time
Seems longer to us: But my dear *Melissa*,
Why should we bind our selves with vows and oaths?
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Liberties so narrow, that we need not
Find fetters for our selves: No, we should seize
On pleasure wheresoever we can find it,
Lest at another time we miss it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a rash one.

Mel. Thou foolish Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; dost think I will
Be marri'd like some vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the first offer, as if she
Were desperate of having any other?

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your vow?

Mel. If any thing, one word of yours wou'd do't:
But how can you be once secure, I'll keep
A vow to you, that would not to my self?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come *Melissa*.
To interrupt our joyes; let us make sure
O'th' present minute, for the rest perhaps
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a vow;
No, you shall never find a change in me,
All the six stars shall sooner stray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may assure you of my love, if not
Upon my knees I swear——

Were

Were I the Queen of all the Universe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery,
I would not change my love to him.

Tim. And here I vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,
Should the firm Centre shake, should Earthquakes rage
With such a fury to disorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were huddled into their first Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the same,
The same adorer of *Melissa*!

Mel. This is so great a blessing Heav'n can't add to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n, *Melissa*, the last mark
Of all my hopes and wishes, so I prize thee,
That I could die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timons.

Serv. My Lord, your dinner's ready, and your Lordships
Guests wait your wisht presence : the Lord
Nicias is already there.

Tim. Let's hast to wait on him *Melissa*.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father.

[*Exeunt*.]

*Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants setting things in
order for the Feast.*

(*kers* ;

Poet. His honour will soon be here, I have prepar'd the Mas-
They are all ready.

Apem. How now *Poet* ? what piece of soppery hast thou to
present to *Timon* ? (of Poetry.

Poet. Thou art a senceless snarling Stoick, and hast no taste.

Apem. Thy Poetrie's insipid, none can taste it :

Thou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who
Writ'st nothing but high-sounding frothy stuff,
Thou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little sence,
'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov'st impertinent description,
And when thou hast a rapture, it is not
The sacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,

Like

Like mad-mens thoughts, and this thou call'st Poetical.

Poet. You are judge ! shall dull Philosophers judge
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick spirits
Of the Age?

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age :
Are there such eminent fopperies as in the
Poets of this time ? their most unreasonable heads
Are whimsical, and fantastick as Fiddlers,
They are the scorn and laughter of all witty men,
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgement of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phæax, and the other Senators.

Poet. You are a base snarling Critick ; write your
Self, do and you dare.

Apem. I confess 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a man
Of sence to write to an Age that likes your spurious stuff.

Nici. What time of the day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time serves alwayes.

Apem. Then what excuse hast thou, that would'st thus long
Omit it ?

Isid. You stay to be at the Lord *Timons* feast.

Apem. Yes, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Ass to bid me farewell.

Cleon. Why so ?

Apem. Because I have not so little reason or honesty to
Return thee one good wish for it.

Phæax. Go hang thy self.

Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requests to
Thy friend, if there be such a wretch on earth. (me.

Phæax. Be gon, unpeaceable dog, or I will spurn thee from

Apem. Though I am none, I'll fly like a dog the heels of
The Ass.

Nici. He's opposite to all humanity——

Ælius. Now we shall taste of *Timons* bounty.

Phæax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and good will--

Isid. And pours it down on all his friends, as if *Plutus*

The

The god of Wealth were but his Steward.

Phaex. No Meed but he repayes sev'n-fold above
Its self, no gift but breeds the giver such
Return as does exceed his wishes.

Thrasil. He bears the noblest mind that ever govern'd man.

Phaex. Long may he live with prosperous fortunes.
But I fear it—

Ælius. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his Creditors,
Even of their interest. (good Lord!

Phaex. I fear it is too true—well 'tis pity: but he's a
Enter Timon with Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, and a great train
with him.

Here he comes my Noble Lord.

Nici. Most worthy *Timon*!

Ælius. My most honour'd Lord.

Tim. You over-joy me with your presence! is there
On Earth a sight so splendid, as Tables well
Fill'd with good and faithful friends, like you?
Dear *Melissa*! be pleas'd to know my friends:
Oh *Apemantus*! thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou shalt not make me welcome;
I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'st me not
I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: think
On the ebb of your Estate, and flow of debts;
How many prodigal bits do slaves and flatterers gorge?
And now 'tis noble *Timon*, worthy *Timon*, royal *Timon*,
And when the means is gone that buyes this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof the praise is made.

Tim. It is not so with my Estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities,
So the gods bless me.
When all your Offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when every Vault has wept
With drunken spilt of wine, when every room
Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minstrels,
Or roaring singing drunkards; I have retir'd
To my poor homely Cell, and set my eyes
At flow for thee, because I find something in

Thee

Thee that might be worthy—but as thou art I
Hate and scorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more, had I no Estate, I
Am rich in Friends, my Noble Friends here,
The dearest loving Friends that ever man
Was blest with.

Nic. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to show how
We love and honour you !

Ælius. That you wou'd once but use our hearts.

Isand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.

Phæax. Yes, all our selves, if you wou'd put us to a
Tryal, then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd serve me all ;
Shall I distrust my Friends ? I have often wish't
My self poorer that I might use you—We are
Born to do good one to another : Friends,
Unless we use 'em, are like sweet instruments hung
Up in cases : But oh, what a precious comfort
'Tis to have so many like Brothers, commanding
One anothers fortunes ! Trust me, my joy brings water
To my eyes.

Phæax. Joy had the like conception in my eyes.

Apem. Ho, ho, ho—I laugh to think that it conceiv'd a
Bastard.

Tim. What dost thou laugh for ?

Apem. To hear these smell-feasts lye and fawn so,
Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy Partridge.
These Flies, who at one cloud of winter-showers
Would drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence, the Dog.

Phæax. Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile earth, of what mean dirt a Lord is
Kneaded !

Tim. The man I think is honest, and his humor hurts us not.

Apem. I would my reason wou'd do thee good, *Timon.*

Mel. This is an odd snarling fellow ; I like him.

Apem. If I could without lying, I'd say the same of thee.

Mel. Why ? prethee what dost thou think of me ?

Tim. He'l

Tim. He'll scorn at thee.

Mel. No matter.

Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red Earth,
The Picture of Vanity drawn to th'life;
I am thinking how handsome that Skull will
Be when all the Flesh is off; that face thou art
So proud of, is a poor vain, transitory thing,
And shortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, scurvy poor Fellow.

Tim. No more of this, be not so sullen; I'll be kind
To thee and better thy Condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd too,
There would be none left to rail at thee, and then
Thou'dst sin the faster: *Timon*, thou givest so long,
Thou'lt shortly give thy self away.

Tim. I'll hear no more: let him have a Table by
Himself.

Apem. Let me have some Roots and Water, such as Nature
intended for our Meat and Drink before Eating and Drinking
grew an Art.

[*The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle Drums, and Trumpets.*]

Tim. Sit Dear *Melissa*, this is your Feast:
And all you see is yours.
And all that you can wish for shall be so.
Come, sit Lords, no Ceremony,
That was devis'd at first to set a gloss
On feigned deeds, and hollow-hearted welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
True friendship needs 'em not: you're more welcome
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me.

[*They sit.*]

Will you not have some Meat *Apemantus*?

Apem. I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I should
Ne'r flatter ye; Ye Gods, what a number of men
Eat *Timon*; and yet he sees 'em not.
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man's Blood, and all the madness is
He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:

The

E

I won-

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men;
 Methinks they should invite them without knives,
 'Twere safer far. That fellow that sits next him,
 Now parts bread with him, pledges his breath
 In a divided Draught, may next day kill him;
 Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man
 I shou'd be afraid to drink at meals,
 Lest they shou'd spy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places.
 Great Men should drink with Harnes on their Throats.

Tim. Now my Lords, let *Melissa's* health go round
Ælius. Let it flow this way——

[*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets sound.*]

Apem. How this pomp shows to a little Oyl and Roots?
 These healths will make thee and thy State look ill.

Phæax. Peace Villain.

Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
 Here's honest Water ne'r left man i'th'mire,
 This and my Root will still keep down
 My sawcy and presumptuous Flesh,
 That it shall never get the better of me——

Apemantus's Grace.

*Immortal Gods I crave no Pelf,
 I pray for no man but my self,
 Grant I may never be so fond
 To trust man on his Oath or Bond;
 Or a Harlot for her weeping,
 Or a Dog that seems a sleeping,
 Or a Gaoler with my freedom,
 Or my Friends if I shou'd need'em.
 Amen, Amen, and so fall to't,
 Great Men sin, and I eat Root.*

Much good may't do thee good *Apemantus.*
Nici. Our noble Lord *Timon's* health, let it go round,
 And Drums, and Trumpets sound.

[*Kettle-Drums, &c.*]

Apem. What madness is the pomp, the noise, the splendor,
 The

The frantick Glory of this foolish life!
 We make our selves fools to disport our selves,
 And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes
 Of Folly and of Madness, these fill up
 The scenes and empty spaces of our lives.
 Life's nothing but a dull repetition,
 A vain fantastick dream, and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends, I speak to you,
 You that are of the Council of four hundred,
 In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the Council,
 And any thing in *Athens*.

Tim. I speak chiefly
 To you my Lord and Father; and to *Pheax*. (obey.

Pheax. My good Lord command me to my death and I'll

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades*,
 (Whose Enemies you have been, and whose Friends
 I beg you will be now) that he in private
 Will venture into *Athens*;
 Not openly because he will not trust
 The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble;
 If he solicites his recallment with you,
 There lives not on this earth a man that has
 Deserv'd so well from the Nobility;
 He has preserv'd ev'n *Athens* in his Exile,
 By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from
 The *Lacedemonian* Rage, and other Foes
 That might have laid this City low in ashes.
 How many famous Battels has he won?
 But which is more, by his advice and power,
 Even in his absence he has wrested
 The Government from the insulting Vulgar;
 Whose Wisdom's Blindness, and whose Power is Madness:
 And plac'd it in your noble Hands; methinks
 You in return should take off his hard sentence
 Of Banishment, and render back all his Estate.

Pheax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us
 That we would disobey?

Nici. I am absolutely yours in all Commands.

Elins. How proud am I that I can serve Lord *Timon*!

Apem. Thinkst thou thy self thy Countries friend now?—
His foul Riot and his inordinate Lust, (mons
His wavering Passions, and his headlong Will,
His selfish Principles, his contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonness,
The Rage and Madness of his Luxury
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
Will soon make thine.

Ifod. Hang him, we never mind him.

Isand. When will he speak well of any man?

Apem. When I can find a man that's better than
A beast, I will fall down and worship him.

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
Is the Masque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish folly Slaves find out
To please and court all thy distemper'd Appetites!
They spend their flatteries to devour those men
Upon whose Age they'l void it up agen
With poysonous spite and envy.
Who lives that's not deprav'd, or else depraves?
Who die that bear not some spurns to their Graves
Of their friends giving? I should fear that those
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day stamp on me: it has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more——be gone.

Apem. Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Thou would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thy self for't.

Tim. I do not think so——fare thee well.

[Exit *Apemantus*.]

Enter *Servant*.

Serv. My Lord, there are some Ladies masqu'd desire admit-

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian*? They do me honour,

Wait.

Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades*.

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him,
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country !
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I shall chuse him first of any man ;
How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra with Ladies masqu'd.

Tim. Ladies, you do my house and me great honour ;
I should be glad you would unmask, that I
Might see to whom I owe the Obligation.

i. Lad. We ask your pardon, we are stoln out upon
Curiosity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleasure Ladies, shall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay thing so much admir'd,
That's born to rob me of my happiness,
And of my life ; her face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so :
Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all,
There's nothing natural : She always acts
And never shews her self ; How blind is Love
That cannot see this Vanity !

[*Masque begins.*

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping
of Birds.

Nymph. Hark how the Songsters of the Grove
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With Loves great praises fill the Air.

Chorus. On ev'ry side the charming sound
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.

Retornella
Nymph.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires
Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires :
While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
These pretty couples love and sing.*

Chorus *But Winter puts out their desire,*
with Flutes. *And half the year they want Loves fire.*

Retornella.

Full { *But Ah how much are our delights more dear,*
Chorus. { *For only Humane Kind love all the year.*

Enter the *Menades* and *Aegipanes*.

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deities
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, who always keeps us free
From that blind childish power.*

2 Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,
And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have lusty Wine.*

Chorus { *Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his soul,*
with { *Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul,*
Hout-boys { *If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl.*

Nymph. *Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine,
Your swell'd faces with Pimples adorning,
Soak your Brains over night and your senses resign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.*

Nymph. *With dull aking Noddles live on in a mist,
And never discover true Joy :
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist,
The Empire he slight, he'd destroy.*

1 Bach. *Better our heads, than hearts should ache,
His childish Empire we despise;
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be wise.
Better, &c.*

2 Bach.

2 Bach. *Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,
And takes the Terror off from War.
To Loves affliction it gives ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.*

Nymph. *'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,
The end of Wealth and Power is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.*
Retornella of Hout-boys.

Bach. *'Tis Wine that Revels in their Veins,
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,
And makes the young Loves Chains despise.*
Retornella.

Nymphs and
Shepherds. { *Love rules the World.*
Maenades and
Ægipanes. { *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*
Nymphs and
Shepherds. { *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*
Maenades and
Ægipanes. { *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,
And we together rule Mankind.*

General *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join*

Chorus. *To sound the loud praises of Love and good Wine.
Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go
down.*

*And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is
our own.*

Tim. *'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd, and I'll
Reward you well: let us retire into my next
Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you,
And where I will distribute some small Presents,
To testify my Love and Gratitude.*

Pheax. *A noble Lord!*

Ælius. *Bounty it self.*

Tim.

Tim. Thus my *Melissa* will we always spend
Our time in Pleasures; but who e're enjoys
Thee, has all this life affords sum'd up in that.

Evan. These words did once belong to me, but Oh!
My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies I hope you'll honour me with your presence,
And accept of a Collation.

i Lady. We ask your pardon, and must leave you.

Tim. *Demetrius*, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd speak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleas'd Madam, to retire with your father,
I'll wait on you instantly. [to *Melissa*.

[*Exeunt all but Timon and Evandra.*

Who are you Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of you.

Tim. *Evandra*! What confusion am I in!

Evan. I am sorry in the midst of all your joys
I should disturb you thus: I had a mind
To see you once before I dy'd; I ne'r
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear these killing words.

Evan. They'll be my last, and therefore give'em room:
I am hastning to my death, then you'll be happy,
I ne'r shall interrupt your joys again,
Unless the Memory of me should make
You drop some tears upon my dust; I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you so, that she cou'd dye to make
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra*! that would make
Me wretched far below all misery;
I'd rather kill my self than hear that news:
I call the gods to witness, there's not one
On Earth I more esteem.

Evan. Esteem! alas!

It is too weak a Cordial to preserve
My fading life, I see your passion's grown

Too

Too headstrong for you. Oh my dearest *Timon*!
 I, while I have any breath, must call you so;
 Had you once struggled for my sake,
 And striven to oppose the raging fury of
 Your fatal Love, I should have dy'd contented.

But Oh! false to your self, to all my hopes,
 And me; you suckt the subtle poyson in
 So greedily, you would not stay to taste it.

Tim. She moves me strongly; I have found from her
 The truest and the tenderest Love that e'r
 Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the disease
 T' admit a Cure: I will perswade no longer;
 Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk not of Death: I'll love you still:
 I can love two at once, trust me I can.

Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or nothing:
 I love you so, I cannot live to see
 That dear, that most ador'd person in anothers arms:
 My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
 And broken meat, that falls from your *Melissa*.
 No dear false Man, you soon shall be at rest,
 I came but to receive a parting Kiss:
 You'll not deny me that?

Tim. I will not part with you; we'll be friends for ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
 Since 'tis the last, I'll never see you more;
 And may *Melissa* ever love you as
 The Excellence of your form deserves; and may
 She please you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Gods! Why should I not love this Woman best?
 She has deserv'd beyond all measure from me;
 She's beautiful, and good as Angels are;
 But I have had her Love already.

Oh most accursed Charm, that thus perverts me!

To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.

Evan. I'll have but one last look of that

Bewitching Face that ruin'd me.
 Oh, I could devour it with my eyes: but I'll
 Remove it from thee. I ne're
 Shall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee satisfaction.

Evand. No, dearest Enemy, I'll remove the guilt
 From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self.

[Offers to stab her self.

Tim. Hold, dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'st my life
 Preserve thy own; for here I swear, that minute
 When thou attemptst thy life, I will lose mine.
 Where's *Diphilus*?

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
 Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self:
 Sh' is agitated by a dang'rous passion.
 My dear! let *Diphilus* wait on thee home;
 As soon as ever my Company is gone,
 I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evand. No, no: I cannot hope — farewell for ever.

[*Ex. Diph. and Evand.*

Tim. I must resolve on something for her comfort;
 For the Empire of the Earth I wou'd not lose her;
 There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
 In Love, or Beauty —
 O miserable state of humane life!
 We slight all the enjoyments which we have;
 And those things only value which we have not:
 Where is *Demetrius*?

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Ostler which I spoke for? (Speak.

Dem. It is here my Lord: I beg your Lordship hear me
 I have business that concerns you nearly —

Tim. Some other time; of late thou dost perplex me
 Each moment with the hateful name of business,

That

That mortal Foe to pleasure, I'll not hear it. [Ex. Timon.]

Dem. So! all now is at an end!

He does command us to provide great gifts,

And all out of an empty Coffin.

His promises fly so beyond his 'state,

That what he speaks is all in Debt; He owes

For every word; His Land is all engag'd,

His money gone; would I were gently turn'd

Out of my Office; lest he shou'd borrow all

I have gotten in his service. Well!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,

Than such who do ev'n Enemies exceed.

[Ex. Demet.]

ACT III.

Enter Timon and Demetrius.

Tim. **D***emetrius!*

How comes it that I have been thus incounter'd

With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,

And the unjust detention of money long since due?

I knew I was in debt, but did not think

I had gone so far; wherefore before this time

Did you not lay my state fully before me?

Dem. You would not hear me.

At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid 'em before you — you would throw 'em off,

And say, you found 'em in my Honesty.

I have beyond good manners, pray'd you often

To hold your hand more close and was rebuk't for't.

Tim. You should have press'd it further.

Dem. What e're I durst I did, it was my interest,

For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?

Call me before the exactest Auditors,

And let my life lie on the proof:

Oh my good Lord, the world is but a world,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no money in the Treasury?

Dem. Not enough to supply the riot of two meals.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;

And some already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future comes apace.

Tim. To *Lacedamon* did my Land extend.

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honest.

Dem. It grieves me to consider 'mongst what Parasites
And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.

Tim. Come; preach no more, thou soon shall find that I
Have not misplac'd my Bounty, why dost weep?
I am rich in friends and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake my fortune.
Now I shall try my friends. Who waits there?

Enter three Servants.

1 Ser. My Lord!

Tim. Go you to *Phaex* and to *Cleon*, you to *Isander*
And *Aelius*, you to *Isodora* and *Thrasillus*.
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em.
For a supply of money. Let the request
Be fifty Talents from each man.

1 Serv. We will, my Lord.

Tim.

Tim. Thou, *Demetrius*, shalt go to the Senate, from whom
Even to the States best health I have deserv'd
This hearing. Petition them to send me 500 Talents.

Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of
Importunate slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em.

[*Ex. Dem.*]

Tim. What! must my doors b' oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and those been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out

At their own pleasure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne're kept man out, but smil'd and did invite
All that past by it, in, and must he be
My Gaoler, and my House my Prison! no,
I'll not despair: my friends will never fail me.

[*Exit.*]

Scene is the Porch or Cloister of the Stoicks.

Apemantus speaking to the people and several Senators.

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base diseases of
Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.
Behold the poorest miserable wretch
Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all
Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,
The Fool will find out something to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all railing.

Apem. When you deserve my precepts, you shall have 'em;
Mean while, if I'll be honest, I must rail at you.

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phaex. Our Government is too remiss in suffering the
Licence of Philosophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lordling, who's puffed up,
And swells with the opinion of his greatness;
He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself so,
But to make others do it? wretched Ass!
By the same means he seeks respect, he loses it.
Mean thing! does he not play the fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements and stink,
Like other men, and die and rot so too?

What:

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If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

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By the same means he seeks respect, he loses it.
Mean thing! does he not play the fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements and stink,
Like other men, and die and rot so too?

What:

What then shou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
 And that's a word some other men cannot
 Prefix before their names: what then? a word
 That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
 Or if made a Lord, perhaps it was [*Enter Timons 3 Servants.*]
 By blindness or partiality i'th' Government.
 If for desert, he loses it in Pride;

Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
 Them for himself; himself shou'd then reward 'em.
 Oh but perhaps he's rich, 'Tis a million to one
 There was villany in the getting of that dirt,
 And he has the Nobility to have knaves for his Ancestors,

Pheax. Hang thee thou snarling Rascal, the Government's
 To blame in suffering thee to rail so long,

Apem. The Government's to blame in suffering the things
 I rail at.

In suffering Judges without Beards, or Law, Secretaries that
 Can't write; (sense;

Generals that durst not fight, Ambassadors that can't speak
 Block-heads to be great Ministers, and Lord it over witty men;
 Suffering great men to sell their Country for filthy bribes,
 Old limping Senators to sell their Souls

For vile extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent;
 And Magistrates to pimp for their own Daughters.

Ruine of Orphans, treachery, murther, rapes,
 Incests, adulteries and unnatural sins,

Fill all your dwellings, here's the shame of Government,

And not my railing. Men of hardn'd foreheads,

And fear'd hearts. 'Tis a weak and infirm Government,

That is so froward it cannot bear mens words.

Elins. Well, babling Philosophy, call Rascal, we shall make
 You tremble one day.

Apem. Never.

Sordid great man! it is not in your power,

I fear not man no more than I can love him.

'Twere better for us that wild beasts posselt

The Empire of the Earth, they'd use men better,

Than they do one another. They'd use re prey

On man but for necessity of Nature.
 Man undoes man in wantonness and sport,
 Bruits are much honestier than he; my dog
 When he fawns on me is no Courtier,
 He is in earnest; but a man shall smile,
 And with my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, say'st thou?

I Serv. Yes! he saies he's proud he has occasion to make
 Use of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that? [Aside.]

Unfortunate man! I have not half a Talent by me!
 But here are other Lords can do it.
 I honour him so, that if he will, I'll sell my Land for him;
 But prethee excuse me to him, I am in great haste
 At this time.

I Serv. 'Tis as I thought, How monstrous and deform'd a
 Thing is base ingratitude! Here's *Pheax*. My Lord?

Pheax. Oh! one of Lord *Timon's* men? a gift I warrant you.
 Why this hits right. I dreamt of a silver Bason and
 Ewer to night. How does that honourable, compleat,
 Free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

I Serv. Well in his health, my Lord.

Pheax. I am heartily glad, what hast thou under thy
 Cloak, honest youth?

I Serv. An empty Box which by my Lords Command
 I come to entreat your Honour to supply with fifty Talents.
 He has instant need of. He bids me say he does not
 Doubt your friendship.

Pheax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord!
 He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept so good a House,
 'Twould have been better: I've often din'd with him,
 And told him of it, and come again to Supper for
 That purpose to have him spend less, but 'twould not do:
 I am sorry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful and of
 Good parts.

I Serv. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Pheax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'st
 What's reason. And canst use thy time well, if the time use
 Thee.

Thee well — 'Tis no time to lend money. Thou art wife,
 Here's money for thee — good Lad wink at me and say
 Thou saw it me not.

1 *Serv.* Is't possible the World should differ so,
 And we alive that liv'd in't?

Apem. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves again
 To feast with thy luxurious Lord?

1 *Serv.* No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him,
 And this Lord has given me this to say, I did not see him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?
 Base slavish *Phaax*, thou of the Nobility?
 Let molten Coin be thy damnation.

Phaax. Peace Dog.

Apem. Thou worse! thou trencher-fly, thou flatterer,
 Thou hast *Timons* meat still in thy gluttonous paunch,
 And dost deny him money. Why should it thrive,
 And turn to nutriment when thou art poison?

2 *Serv.* My noble Lord.

Isan. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest friend?

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, he has sent —

Isan. Hah — what has he sent? I am so much oblig'd
 To him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank him? hah,
 What has he sent?

2 *Serv.* He has sent me to tell you he has occasion
 To use your friendship, he has instant need
 Of fifty Talents —

Isan. Is that the business? hah!
 I know his honour is but merry with me,
 He cannot want as many hundreds.

2 *Serv.* Yes, he wants fifty, but is assur'd of your Honours
 Friendship.

Isan. Thou art not sure in earnest?

2 *Serv.* Upon my life I am.

Isan. What an unfortunate Wretch am I? to disfigure
 My self upon so good a time,
 When I might have shown how much I love
 And honour him: This is the greatest affliction
 E're fell upon me: the Gods can witness for me

I was just sending to my Lord my self :
 I have no power to serve him, my heart bleeds for't.
 I hope his honour will conceive the best ;
 Beasts that I am, that the first good occasion
 Shou'd not be in my power to use ; I beg
 A thousand pardons. — Tell him so —

Apem. Thou art an excellent Summer friend !
 How often hast thou dipt i'th' dish with him ?
 He has been a Father to thee with his purse,
 Supported thyestate ; when e're thou drink'st,
 His silver kisses thy base Lips, thou rid'st upon
 His Horses, ly'st on his Beds.

Isan. Peace, or I'll knock thy brains out. [Ex. *Isan.*

2 Serv. My Lord, *Thrasillus* —

Thra. He's comes to borrow, I must shun him.
 I hope your Lord is well.

2 Serv. Yes, my Lord, and has sent me —

Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great haste —
 But I'll wait on him if I can possible. [Ex. *Thra.*

Apem. Good Fool, go home. Dost think to find a grateful
 Man in *Athens* ?

3 Serv. If my Lord's occasions did not press him very much
 I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he send to me ? I am poor. There's
Phæax, Cleon, Isodore, Thrasillus, and *Isander,* and many
 Men that owe their fortunes to him.

3 Serv. They have been toucht and found base mettle.

Ælius. Have they deny'd him ; and must you come to me ?
 Must I be his last refuge ? 'tis a great slight,
 Must I be the last sought to ? he might have
 Consider'd who I am.

3 Serv. I see he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the first that e're receiv'd gift from him,
 And I will keep it for his honours sake,
 But at present I cannot possibly supply him :
 Besides, my Father made me swear upon
 His Death, I never should lend money.
 I've kept the Oath e're since. Fare thee well.

[Ex. *Ælius.*

3 Serv.

3 *Serv.* They all fly us!

Apem. The barbarous Herd of mankind shun
One in affliction, and turn him out as
Deer do one that's hunted, go, go home
To thy fond Lord, and bid him Curse himself,
That would not hear me: bid him live on root
And water, and know himself; he had better
Have shun'd Mankind than be deserted by them. [*Ex. Omnes.*]

Enter Melissa and Chloe.

Mell. Who could have thought *Timon* so lost i'th' world?
With what amazement will the news of this
So sudden alteration be receiv'd by all Athenians?

Chloe. Is it for certain true?

Mel. Certain as death or fate! my father has assur'd me
Of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all
His ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will swallow him.
'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll stand upon my guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires admittance.

Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be Lord *Timon*, or any one from him,
Say I am not well. I will not be seen: be sure I
Be not.

Chlo. I warrant you.

[*Ex. Chloe.*]

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base poverty
Shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades*
Recall'd, he would adore me still, and wou'd be
Rich too.

Enter Alcibiades in disguise, and Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in disguise, I know him not.

Alcib. But my *Melissa* does.

[*Pulls off his Disguise.*]

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!
The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,

And

And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more welcome
To me than the return of the Sun's heat
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darknefs.

Alcib. My Joy, my life, my blood, my soul, my liberty,
And all that's pretious in the earth, I have
Within my arms: This treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I triumph'd for thee,
All day I sigh'd and wish'd, and pray'd for thee,
And in the night thou entertain'dst my sleeps,
And whensoever I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams
I was valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Melissa*! the Cordial of thy love
Is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me,
One kiss and take my soul; another and
'Twill sally out; Oh, I could fix whole ages on
Thy tender lip; and pity all the Fools
That keep a senseless pother in the world for pow'r,
And pomp, and noise, and lose substantial bliss.

Mel. There is no bliss but love; and but for that
The world would fall in pieces! Oh, with what a grief
Have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my Father
Prevented my escape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athen's* safety that thou did'st not;
I had neglected all my Conquests which
Preserved this base ungrateful town; for I
In thee shou'd have all that I fought for; Thou
Would'st have been life, liberty, Country, and Estate to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wishes,
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes
They soon would call me home to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every stroke the memory of *Melissa*

Gave vigour to my arm, and made me conquer.

Mel. Oh, let ambition never more disturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it.
Let not the noise of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
Clashing of arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding men entice thee from me.

Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toss their ufurious bags about their ears,
Rifle their Houses, desflour their Wives and Daughters,
And dash their brains out of their doating heads.
But dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for friends,
For ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above senseless formalities.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my vertue
Without my life: but on my knees I vow
No other man, though Crown'd the Emperour
Of all the World, should ever have my love,
And though thy Country basely should desert thee,
I would continue firm.

Alcib. And here
I swear, that could I conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,
An Oath more sacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which knavish Priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet
Forgotten his enmity, the breaking of the
Peace with the Lacedemonians, and his foil
Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,
Hee'll not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance,
I would have forgiven him for begetting thee. *[Exeunt.]*

Fader.

Enter Timon and Servant.

Tim. Is't possible? deserted thus? what large professions Did all these make but yesterday? did they all refuse to lend, Say you?

I Serv. The rumour of your borrowing was soon Dispers'd, and then at sight of one of us They would stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seem To overlook us, and avoided us, As if we had been their mortal Enemies; And who suspected not when they were mov'd, Came off with base excuses.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon*? I'll go to 'em: My self, they will not have the face to use me so.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius*! what news bring'st thou from the Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice, That now they are at ebb, want Treasure, cannot Do what they would; are sorry; you are Honourable; But yet they could have with'd; they know not, Something has been amiss; a noble nature May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity; And so intending other serious matters, After distateful looks, and these hard fractions, With certain half caps and cold careless nods, They froze me into silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villany, Old men Have their ingratitude natural to 'em; Their blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows; 'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel, And Nature as it grows again towards earth, Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy. Heav'n keep my Wits, or is't a blessing to be mad?

Demetrius

Demetrius follow me ; I'll try 'em all my self.

Dem. The Senate is assembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate House.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers,
Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this swarm of Rascals here?
Each looking big, and with the visage of demand.

1 Cred. We wait for certain sums of money due.

Dem. If money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon him,
And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon and Servants.

Tim. If *Melissa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her suddenly.

1 Cred. Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.

2 Cred. Here's mine.

3 Cred. And mine.

4 Cred. My Master's.

Tim. Hold, hold, my wits. Knock me down;
Cleave me to the waste. What would you have, you Harpyes?

1 Cred. We ask our due.

Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.

4 Cred. My Master's is thirty Talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my blood.

2 Cred. Five thousand Crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.
What yours, and yours?

3 Cred. My Lord.

1 Cred. My Lord.

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces, will you?
The gods consume, confound, and rot you all.

1 Cred. What a Devil, is he mad?

2 Cred. Mercy on us, let us be gone.

3 Cred.

3 *Cred.* Let's go, hee'll murder some of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me. Slaves, Creditors, Dogs, preserve my wits, you Gods.

Dem. My Lord, be patient; passion mends it not.

[*Lampridius crosses the stage and shuns Timon.*]

Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Prison. His Father dead since, and he rich. Now the Villain Shuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh my good Friend *Phæax*.

Phæax. Oh my Lord — I am glad to see your Lordship. I have a sudden occasion calls me hence, I'll wait on you instantly.

[*Ex. Phæax.*]

Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.

Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see — If I can serve your Lordship in the Command I receiv'd from you by your Servant.

[*Ex. Cleon.*]

Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has A Jewel at this moment on, which I presented him; Cost me three thousand Crowns.

Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.

Tim. There are not many sure so bad. How have I lov'd these men, and shewn 'em kindness, As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

[*Enter Diphilus, seeing Timon, mutes his face: and turns away.*]

Look, is not that my Servant *Diphilus*, whom I marry'd to The old Man's Daughter, and gave him an estate too; And now he hides himself, and steals from me? How much is a Dog more generous than a man; Oblige him once, hee'll keep you Company, Ev'n in your utmost want and misery.

Enter

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius?* my Lord — *Ælius.*

Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would speak

With him —

[*Dem. goes to him, he turns back.*]

Do you not know me *Ælius?*

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon*!

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you shun me then?

Ælius. I shun you? I'd serve your Lordship with my life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuse me money,
Would venture his life for me.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power
To supply you; but I am going to the *Forum*, to a Debter,
If I receive any, your Lordship shall command it.

[*Ex. Ælius.*]

Tim. Had I so lately all the Caps and Knees of th' Athenians,
And is't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thrasillus.

Thras. Who's there? *Timon?*

[*runs back.*]

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter Isander.

How is't *Isander?*

Isand. Oh Heav'n! *Timon*!

Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become so dreadful
An Object? is poverty contagious?

Isand. Your Lordship ever shall be dear to me.
It makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you

When you sent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate.

I humbly ask your pardon; I'll sell all I have

But I'll supply you soon.

[*Ex. Isander.*]

Tim. Smooth tongue, dissembling, weeping knave, farewell.

And

And farewell all Mankind ! It shall be so — *Demetrius ?*
Go to all these fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no
Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good
As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal,
And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean ? [*Ex. Demetrius.*]

Tim. I have one reserve can never fail me,
And while *Melissa's* kind I can't be miserable ;
She has a vast fortune in her own disposal.
The Sun will sooner leave his course than she
Desert me.

Enter first Servant.

Is *Melissa* at home ?

I Serv. She is, my Lord ; but will not see you.

Tim. What does the Rascal say ? Damn'd Villain
To bely her so ? [*Strikes him.*]

I Serv. By Heav'n 'tis truth. She saies she will not see you.
Her woman told me first so. And when I would not
Believe her, she came and told me so her self ;
That she had no business with you ; desir'd you would
Not trouble her ; she had affairs of consequence ; &c.

Tim. Now *Timon* thou art fallen indeed ; fallen from all thy
Hopes of happiness. Earth, open and swallow the
Most miserable wretch that thou did'st ever bear.

Enter Melissa.

I Serv. My Lord, *Melissa's* ! passing by.

Tim. Oh Dear *Melissa* !

Mel. Is he here ? what luck is this ?

Tim. Will you not look on me ? not see your *Timon* ?
And did not you send me word so ?

Enter

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy, and am so now ; I must obey my Father ; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not, *Melissa*, said ; If *Timon* were reduc'd To rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Universe, She would not change her love ?

Mel. We can't command our wills ;
Our fate must be obey'd. [Ex. *Mel.*

Tim. Some Mountain cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O stragling Senses whither are you going ?
Farewel, and may we never meet again.

Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me !
I've been ungrateful to her, why should I
Blame Villains who are so to me ?

Evan. Oh *Timon!* I have heard and felt all thy afflictions ;
I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more ;
Nor ever would, had'st thou continu'd prosperous.
Let false *Melissa* basely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that coarse stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy eyes from an ungrateful man !

Evan. No, since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*,
They have been fixt upon thee present, and when absent
I've each moment view'd thee in my mind,
And shall they now remove ?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif ? who
Has such a load of misery beyond
The strength of humane nature to support ?

Evan. I am no base Athenian Parasite,
To fly from thy Calamities ; I'll help to bear 'em.

Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accursed *Athens!* Forest of two legg'd Beasts ;
Plague, civil War, and famine, be thy lot :
Let propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious brood may spring
To infect and damn succeeding Generations ;

May

May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
A passage through his mothers cursed Womb;
And kill the hag, or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers like fell rav'nous Bitches
Devour their own base Whelps.

Evan. *Timon!* compose thy thoughts, I know thy wants,
And that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait
To prey upon thee; and base *Athens* has
To its eternal Infamy deserted thee.
But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
Has so enrich'd her, she in wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it all at thy feet.

Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o'rewhelms me;
It covers me all o're with shame and blushes.
Thou hast oblig'd a wretch too much already,
And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra!*
I have rage and madness, and I shall infect thee.
Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
Oh that the World were all on fire!

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this sight will break my heart;
Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
Let us retire together and live free
From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind;
I shall have all I wish for, having thee.

Tim. My senses are not sound, I never can
Deserve thee: I've us'd thee scurvily.

Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast not.
Comfort thy self, if thou hast been unkind,
Forgive thy self and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
Nor will I be oblig'd to one,
I have treated so injuriously as her —

[*Aside.*

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; strive to compose
Your self. All that I have was and is yours; I wish
It ne're had been, that yet I might have shewn
By stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Most Excellent of all the whole Creation,
Thou art too good that thou should'st e're partake
Of my misfortunes —

And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em.

[*Aside.*

Prithee Evandra go to thy own House,
I am once more to give my flatt'ring Rogues
An entertainment but such a one as shall besit 'em;
And then I'll see thee.

Evan. Heav'n ever blefs my Dear.

[*Ex. Timon and Evandra.*

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Isander, Isidore, Thrafillus, Ælius.

Phæ. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward assur'd
Me his condition was near as good as ever.

Isand. That I doubt — but 'tis well at present
By his new feasting.

Ælius. I am sorry I was not furnish'd when he sent to me.

Isid. I am sick of that grief, now I see how all things go.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. Oh! my kind friends! how is't with you all?
How I rejoice to see you! Come, serve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never so well as when your
Lordship is so.

Ælius. I am sick with shame that I
Should be so unfortunate a Beggar when you sent to me.

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal: I have
No need of any sums; my Estate is in good health still.

Phæax. Tryal my good Lord? Would any one refuse
Your Lordship were it in his power? Command half
My estate! I am sorry I was so in haste, I could
Not stay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now.
Pray use me — I hope he will not take me at my word. [*aside*]

Isan. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I could
Not serve you. Now my Lord command me — I am able.

Tim.

Tim. I beseech you do not think on't: I know ye love me,
All of ye.

Phaax. Equal with our selves, my dear Lord.

Thra. If you had sent but two hours before to me? —

Cleon. Now I have money, pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heav'us sake; think you I distrust
My kind good friends! you are the best of friends.
My fortune he're shall drive me from you, and should
Mine fail, which I hope it never will,
I know I may command all yours.

Phaax. I shall think my self happy enough if you would.
But command my utmost *Drachma*.

Ælius. That were honour indeed; to serve Lord *Timon*,
I would with life and fortune.

Isan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Isid. Not a man in *Athens*.

Cleon. There's no foot of my Estate your Lordship
May not call your own.

Thra. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy friends. Who has such
Kind, such hearty friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Dishes.

Isan. Royal cheer I warrant you.

Phaax. Doubt not of that; if money or the season
Can afford it.

Isid. The same good Lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's sit! make it
Not a City feast, to let the meat cool e're we agree
Upon our places.

The GRACE!

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves prais'd for your
own gifts, base ungrateful man will not do it of him-
self; reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despis'd; were
your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake ye: make
the meat below'd more than the man that gives it. Let no
Assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be
twelve

twelve women, let a dozen of em be....as they are. Confound I beseech you, all the Senators of Athens, together with the common people. What is amiss make fit for destruction; for these my present friends, as they are to me nothing. So in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes: A feast fit for such venomous Knaves.

Phæax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold.

You knot of mouth friends, vapours, lukewarm Knaves;
Most smiling, smooth detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,
Cap and knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprosie
Crust you quite o're; what, dost thou steal away?
Soft, take thy Physick first, and thou, and thou; stay I will
Lend thee money — borrow none.

Phæax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.

Cleon. And I. He'll murder us.

Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly. [*They run off.*]

Tim. What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn House, sink Athens, henceforth bated be

Of Timon, man and all humanitie. [*Ex. Timon.*]

ACT IV.

Timon solus.

Tim. **L**ET me look back upon thee! Oh thou wall
That girdlest in those Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den
Of savage Beasts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,

And

And minister in their stead. To general filths
 Convert o'th' instant green Virginity;
 Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
 And cut your Trusters Throats. Bound Servants steal;
 Large handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid to thy Masters Bed,
 Mistress to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
 Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire:
 And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
 Religion to the Gods; Peace, Justice, Truth,
 Domestick awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
 Degrees, Observations, Customs and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries;
 And let confusion live. Plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious feavours heap
 On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
 Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of your youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive
 And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,
 Sow all the *Athénians* bosoms, and their Crop
 Be general Leprosie. Breath infect breath;
 That their Society as their friendship, may
 Be meerly poison. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee:
 Farewel, thou most detested Town, and sudden
 Ruine swallow thee. [Ex. Tim.]

Scene the Senate House, all the Senate sitting —
Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
 Knowing your Sentence not recall'd, venture hither?
Alcib. You see my reverend Lords what confidence
 I place in you, that durst expose my person
 Before my sentence be recall'd: I am not now
 Petitioner for my self; I leave my case
 To your good and generous natures, when you shall

Think

Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service.
 I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,
 For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
 And none but Tyrants use it cruelly:
 'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
 As brave a man as e're drew Sword for *Athens*.
 'Tis *Thrasibulus*, who in heat of blood,
 Has stept into the Law above his depth.

Nic. True, he has kill'd a man.

Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they refuse
 All mercy. He is a man (setting his Fate aside) of comely
 Vertues, nor did he soil the fact with Cowardise;
 But with a noble fury did revenge
 His injur'd reputation.

Phæax. You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nic. As if you'd bring man-slaughter into form,
 And valour did consist in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate valour:
 He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.

Isan. All single Combates are detestable,
 And courage that's not warranted by law,
 Is much too dangerous a vice to go unpunished.

Isid. If injuries be evil, death is most ill,
 And then what folly is it for the less ill
 To hazard life the chiefest good?

Cleon. There's no such courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be such valour in bearing, what
 Do we abroad? Women are then more valiant
 That stay at home. And the *As* a better Captain
 Than is the *Lyon*. The Malefactor that is
 Loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make gross sins look clean
 With eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond men expose themselves to Battle,
 And not endure all threats, and sleep upon e'm,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats?
 Come my Lords — be pitiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib.

Alcib. The utmost law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt,
But in defence of Honour.

Phæ. Honour! is any Honour to be fought for
But the Honour of our Country?

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that: Let him that has no anger judge him;
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault — had they but courage for it?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuse his Crime, consider
Who he is, and what he has done;
His service at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*,
Are bribes sufficient for his Life.

Nic. He did his duty, and was rewarded with
His pay, and if he had not done it, he should
Be punisht.

Alcib. How my Lords! is that all the return
For Souldiers toils, fasting and watching;
The many cruel hardships which they suffer;
The multitude of hazards, blood, and loss
Of Limbs?

Ism. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

Isid. H'has given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter, he has a sin
That often drowns him; in that beastly fury
He has committed outrages.

Phæ. Such as we shall not name, since others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nic. In short,
His days are foul, and nights are dangerous;
And he must die.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in fight,
And done you service: if not for his deserts;
Consider all my actions Lords, and join 'em

With his — your reverend Ages love security,
And therefore shou'd cherish those that give it you.

Phæ. You are too bold — he dies. No more —

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What saies he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Isan. Consider well the place, and who we are?

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.

Must I sue for such common grace,
And be deny'd? my wounds ake at you!

Nic. Yare insolent! we have not forgotten yet
Your riot and destructive Vices; whoredoms,
Prophaneness, giddy headed passions.

Phæ. Your breaking *Mercury's* Statues, and mocking
The mysteries of sacred *Proserpine*.

Alcib. Insolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to see
Your private malice vented in a place
Where honest men would only think
On publick Interest. 'Tis base, and in another place
You would not speak thus.

Nic. How say you!

Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury* had only been
The Favourites of the Rabble, and the rites of
Proserpine: These things are mockery to men
Of sense. What folly 'tis to worship Statues when
You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Phæ. How dare you talk thus? you have been a Rebel?

Alcib. Could any but the basest of mankind
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head
That utters this against me? my Rebellion!
It was 'gainst the common people. And you all
Are Rebels against them.

Nic. Cease your Insolence! we sided not with *Spartans*.

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' Athenian
Rabble but that?

Phæ. It was well done to get your friend King *Agis*
His Wife with Child in his absence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his breed for him.
But

But what is that to th' matter now in hand?
 You have provok'd me Lords, and I must tell you,
 It is by me you sit in safety here.

Phæ. By you, bold man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful man!

You have incens'd me now beyond all patience,
 And I must tell you what I owe me, Lords.
 'Twas I that kept great *Tissaphernes* from
 The Spartans aid, by which *Athens* by this
 Had been one heap of Rubbish, I stopt
 A hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*,
 Which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made
 This *Tissaphernes*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition
 That they would awe the common people, and take
 The Government into the best mens hands;
 Would you were so; I sent *Pisander* then
 To form this Aristocracy, and promis'd
 The Persian Generals Forces to assist you;
 And when you had this pow'r, you cast me off
 That got it you.

Nic. My Lords! let him be silenc'd;
 Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleasure Lords.
 Did not your Army in the Isle of *Samos*,
 Offended at your Government, chuse me General?
 And would have march'd to your destruction,
 Which I diverted: in that time your Foes
 Would soon have won the Country of *Ionia*,
 Of th' *Hellepont* and all the other Isles,
 While you had been employ'd at home
 With Civil Wars. I kept some back by force,
 And by fair words others, in which *Thersites*,
 This man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
 Having the loudest voice of all the *Athenians*
 Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
 And thus we kept 'em from you, Lords, and now
Athens a second time was sav'd by me.

Phæ. 'Tis a shame that we shou'd suffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded.
 Another time I kept five hundred Sail
 Of the Phenicians from the aid
 Of the Lacedemonians, won from 'em a Sea Battle,
 Before the City of *Abidus*;
 In spite of *Pharnabazus* mighty Power.
 Think on my Victory all *Cizicum*, where I
 Slew *Mendorus* in the Field, and took the City;
 I brought then the Bythinians to your yoke,
 Won *Silibræa* on the *Hellepont*;
 And then *Byzantium*: thus not only I
 Diverted the Torrent of the Armies fury
 From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies,
 And all the while you safely told your money,
 And let it out upon extorted Interest;
 Must I be after all poorly deny'd
 His life who has so often ventur'd it for you?

Phæ. He dies, and you deserve it, but our sentence
 Is for your insolence, we banish you;
 If you be two hours more within these walls,
 Your head is forfeited. Do you all consent?

All Sen. All, All!

Alcib. All, all! I am glad I know you all!
 Banish me! Banish your dotage! your extortion!
 Banish your foul corruptions and self ends!
 Oh the base Spirit of a Common-wealth!
 One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
 The worst of Kings would be ashamed of this:
 I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
 Is this the Balsome the ill natur'd Senate
 Pours into Captains wounds? ha! banishment?
 A good man would not stay with you, I embrace
 My Sentence: 'Tis a cause that's worthy of me. [*Ex. Alcib.*]

Nic. Was ever — heard such daring insolence?
 Shall we break up the Senate?

All Sen. Ay, Ay.

Timon.

Timon in the Woods digging.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
 The Bogs and muddy Marishes, and from
 Corrupted standing Lakes, rotten humidity
 Enough to infect the Air with dire consuming Pestilence,
 And let the poisonous exhalations fall
 Down on th' *Athenians*; they're all flatterers,
 And so is all mankind.
 For every degree of fortune's smooth'd
 And sooth'd by that below it; the learn'd pate
 Ducks to the golden Fool; There's nothing level
 In our conditions, but base Villany;
 Therefore be abhor'd each man and all Society;
 Earth yields me roots; thou common whore of mankind,
 That put'st such odds amongst the rout of Nations;
 I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here?
 Gold, yellow, glittering precious gold! enough
 To purchase my estate again: Let me see further;
 What a vast mass of Treasure's here! There ly,
 I will use none, 'twill bring me flatterers.
 I'll send a pattern on't to the *Athenians*,
 And let 'em know what a vast Mass I've found,
 Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I see a Passenger
 Not far off, I'll send it by him to the Senate. • [*Ex. Timon.*]

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long shall I seek my unhappy Lord?
 But I will find him or will lose my life.
 Oh base and shameful Villany of man;
 Amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd,
 Not one would follow him in his afflictions!
 Ha! here is a Spade! sure this belongs to some one.
 Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there? what beast art thou that com'st
To trouble me?

Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to seek
The poor distressed *Timon*, did you see him?

Tim. If thou be'st born of wicked humane race,
Why com'st thou hither to disturb his mind?
He has forsworn all Company!

Evan. Is this my Lord! oh dreadful transformation!
My dearest Lord, do you not know me?

Tim. Thou walk'st upon two legs, and hast a face
Erect towards Heav'n; and all such Animals
I have abjur'd; they are not honest,
Those Creatures that are so, walk on all four,
Prithee be gone.

Evan. He's much distracted sure? Have you forgotten
Your poor *Evandra*?

Tim. No! I remember there was such a one,
Whom I us'd ill! why dost thou follow misery?
And add to it? prithee be gone.

Evan. These cruel words will break my heart, I come
Not to increase thy misery but mend it.
Ah, my dear *Timon*, why this Slave-like habit?
And why this Spade?

Tim. 'Tis to dig roots, and earn my dinner with.

Evan. I have converted part of my estate
To money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the remainder
Thou soon shalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I shall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thy self and quit this savage life;
We have enough in spite of all the baseness
Of th' *Asiatics*, let not those Slaves
Triumph o'er thy afflictions; we'll live free.

Tim. If thou dissuad'st me from this life, Thou hat'st me;
For all the Principalities on earth,

I would not change this Spade! prithee be gone,
Thou tempt'st me but in vain.

Evan. Be not so cruel.

Nothing but death shall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my life: what would'st thou
Do with me?

Evan. I'd live the same: Is there a time or place,
A temper or condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?

Tim. You must not stay with me?

Evan. Oh too unkind!

I offer'd thee all my prosperity —
And thou most niggardly deniest me part
Of thy Afflictions.

Tim. Ah soft *Evandra*! is not the bleak Air
Too boist'rous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or dost thou think these reverend trees that have
Outliv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And skip where thou appoint'st 'em? Will the Brook
Candid with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am savage as a Satyr, and my temper
Is much unsound, my brain will be distracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a comfort to me when I thought
That thou wer't prosperous; Thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,
To mortifie thy self with roots and water,
'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.

Evan. To Death if you command.

Tim. I have forsworn all humane conversation.

Evan. And so have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see
Thee bear it.

Evan. On my knees I beg it.
If thou refusest me, I'll kill my self.
I swear by all the Gods.

Tim. Rise my *Evandra*!

I now pronounce to all the world, there is
 One woman honest; if they ask me more
 I will not grant it: Come, my dear *Evandra*,
 I'll shew thee wealth enough I found with digging,
 To purchase all my land again, which I
 Will hide from all mankind.

Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well said *Evandra*! look, here is enough
 To make black white, foul fair, wrong right;
 Base noble, old young, Cowards valiant.
 Ye Gods here is enough to lug your Priests
 And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
 Make the Hoar'd Leprosie ador'd, place Thieves
 And give 'em title, knee and approbation;
 This makes the toothless, warp'd and wither'd Widows
 Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten
 Such as the Spittle-House and ulcerous Creatures
 Would cast the gorge at: this can defile
 The purest Bed, and make divorce 'twixt Son
 And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
 Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it, there 'twill
 Sleep, and do no hired mischief.

Tim. Now Earth for a root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds all,
 And of such vile corrupting mettle, as
 Man, her proud arrogant — Child is made of, does
 Engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the gilded Newt
 And eye-less venom'd worm, with all
 The loathsome Births the quickning Sun does shine on.

Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,
 From out thy plenteous bosom some poor roots;
 Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things else;
 Dry up thy marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilt and pasture,
 Whereof ungrateful man with liquorish draughts
 And unctuous morsels greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips.
 But hold a while — I am faint and weary,

My

My tender hands not us'd to toil, ~~are gull'd~~
Evan. Repose your self, and rest your head
 Upon my lap, and when thou hast refresh'd
 Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more man! retire into my Cave.

[Ex. Evan.]

Apem. I was directed hither, men report
 That thou affect'st my mangers, and dost use 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then because I would not keep a Dog
 Should imitate thee.

Apem. This is in thee a nature, but infected,
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
 This slave-like Habit, and these looks of care?
 Thy sordid flatterers wear like thee
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgotten
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now and seek to thrive,
 By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee
 And let each Great man breath blow off thy Cap.
 Praise his most monstrous deformities,
 And call his foulest Vices excellent.
 Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Dost thou love to hear thy self prate?

Apem. No; but thou should'st hear me speak.

Tim. I hate thy speech and spit at thee.

Apem. Do not assume my likeness to disgrace it.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy
 As the Original shou'd be us'd.

Apem. How should I be us'd?

Tim. It should be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-man, now a Fool;
 Art thou proud still? call any of those Creatures
 Whose naked nature live in all the night
 Of angry Heav'n, whose hang'd up howled crunks

To the conflicting Elements exposed,
 Answer meer Nature, did you make thee,
 And thou shalt find

Tim. An Art of thee

Apem. I love thee better now, than e're I did: —

Tim. Hate thee worse

Apem. Why so?

Tim. Thou flatterest misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch —

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains office or a Fools.

Apem. If thou dost put on this sour life and habit.

To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well, but thou

Dost it infernally, wert thou not a Beggard,

Thou'd'st be a Courtier again.

Tim. Slave thou ly'st, 'tis best thee the last thing,

Which I would be on earth.

Apem. How much does winning poverty exceed

Uncertain pomp! for this is filling still,

Never compleat, that always at high with,

But thou hast a contentless wretched being,

Thou shou'd'st desire to be being miserable.

Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.

Apem. I am contented with my poverty.

Tim. Thou ly'st. Thou would'st not hadst thou wert.

But 'tis a burthen that is light to thee,

For thou hast been alwayes us'd to carry it.

Thou art a thing whom Fortune tender useth

With favour never clasp'd, but bred a Dog,

Hadst thou like me from thy birth with proceeded

To all the sweet, degrees, that this brief world

Afforded me; thou would'st have plang'd thy self

In general riot, melted down thy youth

In different Beds of lust, and never learnt

The icy precepts of Morality.

But had'st pursu'd the shining game before thee.

Apem. Thou ly'st. — I would have liv'd, if I had

Tim.

Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self! thou well
 Can't bear what thou hast been bred to;
 But for me, who had the world as my Confectionary,
 The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the hearts of all men,
 At duty more than I cou'd frame Employments for,
 That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
 Upon the Oak, they ave with one Winters breath
 Faln from their boughs and left me open, bare
 To every storm that blows: for me to bear this
 Who never knew but better, is a great burthen;
 Thy nature did commence in suffrance. Time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt Curse,
 Curse then thy Father who in spite put stuff
 To some She-Beggar, and compounded thee,
 A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor AG!
 The middle of humanity thou ne're
 Didst know, but the extremity of both ends;
 When thou wert in thy gilt and thy perfumes,
 Men mockt thee for thy too much curiosity;
 Thou in thy rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone thou tedious prating Fool.
 That the whole life of *Athena* were in this
 One root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feast.

Tim. Mend my condition, take thy self away.

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athena*?

Tim. Thce thither in a Whistwind.

Apem. When I have nothing else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self,
 Thou should'st not even then be welcome to me;
 I had rather be a Beggars Dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art a miserable Fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curse: no misery
 That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.

I sworn to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy scall.

Apem. Farewel Beast.

Tim. Be gone Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou hast found a Mass
Of Treasure; they'll find thee out: The plague
Of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my sight. [*Ex. Apem.*
Choler will kill me if I see mankind!
Come forth *Evandra*? Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canst thou eat roots and drink at that fresh spring?

Our feasting's come to this.

Evand. Whate're I eat

Or drink with thee is feast enough to me;

Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content,

I shou'd be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring Brook,
And then repose a while. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Painter and Musician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place it cannot be far off,
Where he abides.

Mus. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's so full
of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! He has found an infinite store of Gold,
He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate;
You will see him a Palm again in *Athens*,
And flourish with the highest of em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distress,
We tender all our services to him.

Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Mus. If we shou'd not.

Re-enter Timon and Evandra.

Poet. Wee'll venture our joint labour. Yon is he,
I know by the description.

Mus.

Mus. Let's hide our selves and see how he will take it.

[A Symphony.]

Evan. Here's Musick in the Woods, whence comes it?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I
Have Gold; but that their disappointment would be greater,
In taking pains for nought, I'd send 'em back —

Poet. Hail-worthy *Timon* —

Mus. Our most noble Master —

Paint. My most excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest men?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty,
And hearing you were retir'd, your friends saln off,
For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you service.

Mus. We are not of so base a mold; we should
Desert our noble Patron!

Tim. Most honest men! oh, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water?

Poet. Whate're we can, we will to do you service.

Tim. Good men! come you are honest, you have heard
That I have gold enough! speak truth, y'are honest.

Poet. So it is said: but therefore came not we.

Mus. Not we my Lord.

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are good men, but have one monstrous fault.

Poet. I beseech your honour, what is it?

Tim. Each of you trusts a damo'd notorious Knave.

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why one another, and each trusts himself.
Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! begone! make haste!
Or I will use you so like Knaves.

[He flings 'em.

Poet. Fly, fly, —

[All run out.

Tim. How sick am I of this false World? I'll now
Prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam
Of the outrageous Sea may wash my Corps.

Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together must determine.

Tim. There is no rest without it; prithee leave

My

My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is wealth enough.

Evan. I have no wealth but thee, let us lie down to rest;
I am very faint and heavy — [They lie down.]

Enter *Melissa* and *Chloe*.

Mel. Let the Chariot stay there.

It is most certain he has found a Mass of money,
And he has sent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.

Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my love I'll charm
Him back to *Athens*; 'twas my deserting him has
Made him thus Melancholy.

Chlo. If he be not, you'll promise love in vain.

Mel. If he be not, my promise shall be vain;
For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To interest and to my self. There *Loyd Timon* lies!

Tim. What wretch art thou come to disturb me?

Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee.
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and her arms
Who cannot live without thee.

Evan. It is *Melissa*! prithee listen not
To her destructive *Sycours* voice.

Tim. Fear not.

Mel. Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa*?
To whom thou mad'st such vows!

Tim. O yes, I know that piece of vanity,
That frail, proud, inconstant foolish thing.

I do remember once upon a time,
She swore eternal love to me, soon after
She would not see me, shun'd me, slighted me.

Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me *Timon*,
That was a tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didst love me, if thou hadst

Thou

Thou wouldn't have burnt: I lov'd thee when much more
Than all the World——but thou art false I see,
And any little change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

Evan. Mind not that Crocodiles tears,
She would betray thee.

Mel. Is there no truth among Mankind? had I
So much ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen fortune, and ne're seen thee more:

Ah *Timon*! could'st thou have been kind, I could
Rather have beg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*,
But thou art lost and hast forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why should you strive to invade anothers right?
He's mine, for ever mine: These arms
Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine? poor man! Fool! his marriage made him so?
No,——Thou art his Conscience, dishonest thing,
I would enjoy him honestly.

Tim. Peace, screech Owl: There is much more honesty
In this one woman than in all thy Sex
Blended together; our hearts are one;
And she is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen
Of all the Universe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.

Tim. False! proud! affected! vain! fantastick things!
Be gone, I would not see thee, unless I were
A Basilisk; thou dost't think thou art honest of thy Body,
As if the Body made one honest: Thou hast a vile
Corrupted filthy mind——

Mel. I am no Whore as she is.

Tim. Thou ly'st, she's none: But thou art one in thy Soul:
Be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a thing unmanly,
And beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel Beast!——*[Exit Mel. and Chlo.]*

Evan. Let me kiss thy hand my dearest Lord,
If it were possible more dear than ever.

Tim.

Tim. Let's now go seek some rest within my Cloze; **Exit**
 If any we can have without the Grave. **[Exeunt.]**

ACT V.

Enter Timon and Evandra.

Tim. **N**OW after all the follies of this life,
Timon has made his everlasting Mansion;
 Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
 Where every day the swelling Surge shall wash him;
 There he shall rest from all the Villainies,
 Betraying smiles, or th'oppressing frowns
 Of proud and impotent Man.

Evandra. Speak not of death, I cannot lose thee yet;
 Throw off this dire consuming Melancholy:
 Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'd'st not have
 Another with but me. There is no State on Earth
 Which I can envy while I've thee within
 These Arms — take comfort to thee, think not yet
 Of Death — leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'st thou in Death we shall not think,
 And know, and love, better than we can here?
 Oh yes, *Evandra*! There our Happiness
 Will be without a wish — I feel my long sickness
 Of health and living now begin to mend,
 And nothing will bring me all things: thou *Evandra*
 Art the thing alone on Earth would make me wish
 To play my part upon the troublesome Stage,
 Where folly, madness, falsehood, and cruelty,
 Are the only actions represented.

Evandra. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
 Without one erring thought, the Gods can witness;
 And as my life was true, my death shall be,
 If I one minute after thee survive,
 The scorn and infamy of all my Sex

Light

Light on me, and may I live to be
Melissa's Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra*!
 Thy kindness covers me with shame and grief,
 I have deserv'd so little from thee;
 Wer't not for thee I'd wish the World on Fire.

Enter *Nicias*, *Phæax*, *Isidore*, *Isander*, *Cleon*, *Thrasillus*,
 and *Elius*.

More Plagues yet!

Nici. How does the Worthy *Timon*?
 It grieves our hearts to see thy low condition,
 And we are come to mend it.

Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without thee,
 Cast from thee this sad grief, most noble *Timon*,
 The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
 Their love, and do with one consenting voice
 Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em and would send 'em back the Plague,
 Could I but catch it for 'em.

Elius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, most noble *Timon*: they are sorry
 They shou'd deny thee thy request; they do
 Confess their fault; the publick body
 Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us —

Tim. A very scurvy sample of that Body.

Phæax. Oh my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you best
 Of all mankind.

Thras. And equal with our selves.

Isid. Our hearts and souls were ever fixt upon thee.

Isan. We would stake our lives for you.

Phæ. We are all griev'd to think you should
 Somis-interpret our best loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good men, you much surprise me, even to tears;

L

Lend

Lend me a Fools heart and Womens eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic. We beg your honour will interpret fairly.

Pha. The Senate has reserv'd some special dignities
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his force; and like a Savage Bear
Roots up his Countries peace; we humbly beg
Thy just assistance.

Pha. We all know thou'rt worthy,
And hast oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord.

Tim. I tell you Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' Beards,
Giving up purest Virgins to the stain
Of beastly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In pity of the aged and the young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their Swords care not
While you have throats to answer: for my self
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Most reverent Throat in *Athens*, tell 'em so
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Pha. Oh my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nic. Hee'll ne'r return; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

Pha. You have gold my Lord, will you not serve
Your Country with some of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,

And

And follow my advice, they shall be welcome.

Nic. I am sure they will, my noble Lord.

Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their griefs;
Their fears of Hostile strokes, their Aches, Losses,
Their covetous pangs, with other incident throes
That Natures fragil Vessels must sustain
In lifes uncertain Voyage.

Pha. How my good Lord! this kind care is noble.

Tim. Why even thus —

I will point out the most convenient Trees
In all this Wood, to hang themselves upon.
And so farewell, ye Covetous fawning Slaves be gone!
Let me not see the face of man more, I
Had rather see a Tiger fasting —

Nic. He's lost to all our purposes.

Pha. Let's send a party out of *Athens* to him,
To force him to confess his Treasure;
And put him to the torture, if he will not.

Nic. It will do well, let's away. [Drums.

Elins. What Drums are those?

Pha. They must belong to *Alcibiades*!
To Horse and fly, or we shall chance be taken. [Exeunt.

Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou
Maist suffer by the rage of lustful Villains.

*Enter Alcibiades with Phryne and Thais,
two Whores.*

Alti. Command a halt, and send a Messenger
To summon *Athens* from me!
What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A two leg'd Beast, as thou art, Cankers gnaw thee
For shewing me the face of man again.

Alci. Is man so hateful to thee! what art thou?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*! I hate Mankind:
And for thy part, I wish thou wer't a Dog,
That I might love thee something.
But now I think on't, thou art going

Against you Cursed Town: go on! it is
A worthy cause.

Alci. Oh *Timon*! now I know thee, I am sorry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occasion to redress 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e're shall Conquer; no, go on,
Paint with man's blood the Earth: die it well.
Religious Canons, civil laws are cruel,
What then must War be?

Alci. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alci. What friendship shall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promise me friendship and perform none;
If thou wilt not promise, thou art no man:
If thou dost perform, thou art none neither.

Alci. I am griev'd to see thy misery.

Tim. Thou saw'st it when I was rich.

Alci. Then was a happy time.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots.
What dost thou fight with women by thy side?

Alci. No, but after all the toils and hazards of the day
With men, I refresh my self at night with Women.

Tim. These false Whores of thine have more destruction
In 'em than thy Sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain to say so —

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion?
A snarling Rascal.

Tim. Be Whores still, they love you not that use you;
Employ all your salt hours to ruine youth,
Softens their manners into a Lethargy
Of sense and action.

Phry. Hang thee Monster; we are not Whores, we
Are Mistresses to *Aleibiades*.

Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miscall it,
Ye have been so to many.

Thais.

Thais. Out on you Dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him;

His wits are lost in his calamities;

I have but little gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainst *Athens* with me?

Tim. If ye were Beasts, I'd go with ye:

But I'll not herd with men; yet I love thee

Better than all men, because thou wert born

To ruine thy base Country.

Alcib. I've sent to summon *Athens*; if she obeys not,
I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious act; go on, go on!

Here's gold for thee; stay, I'll fetch thee more.

Alcib. What mysterie is this! where thou'd he have this?

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,

Be a devouring Plague; let not

Thy Sword skip one, spare thou no Sex or Age:

Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,

He's an Usurer: strike the counterfeit Matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgins Cheek

Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-Paps giving suck:

Spare not the Babe, whose dimpled smiles,

From Fools exhaust their mercy; think 'twill be

A Rogue or Whore e're long if thou shouldst spare it.

Put Armour on thy eyes and ears, whose proof,

Nor yells of Mothers, Majds, nor crying Babes,

Nor sight of Priests in Holy Vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce one jot.

Phryn. Hast thou more gold, good *Timon*? give us some.

Thais. What pity 'tis he should be thus Melancholy!

He is a fine person now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure you will

Do store of mischief, I'd not give you any:

Here! be sure you be Whores still,

And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye,

Be strong in Whore, allure and burn him up;

Thatch

Thatch your thin Sculls with burchens from the dead,
Some that were hang'd, no matter,
Wear them I betray with them, Whore still;
Paint till a Horse may mire upon your faces—
A Pox on Wrinkles, I say.

Thais. Well, more Gold, Iay what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your Consumptions in the bones of men;
Dry up their Marrows, pain their shins
And shoulders: Crack the Lawyers voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead false title more.
Entice the lustful and dissembling Priests,
That scold against the quality of flesh,
And not believe themselves; I am not well.
Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be all your Death-Beds and your Graves.

Phry. More counsel, and more money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More Whore! more mischief first,
I've given you earnest.

Alcib. We but disturb him! farewell,
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne're shall see thee more:
I feel Death's happy stroak upon me now,
He has laid his icy hands upon me at length;
He will not let me go again, Farewel.
Confound *Athens*, and then thy self.

[*Ex. Timon.*]

Alcib. Now march, sound Trumpets and beat Drums,
And let the terroure of the noise invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, usurious Senate.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Nicias, *Ælius*, *Cleon*, *Thrasillus*, *Isidore*, *Isander*,
upon the works of Athens.

Nic. What shall we do to appease his rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.

Phæ. We must e'en humbly bow our necks, that he
May tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a man of easie nature, soon won by soothings.

Nic.

Nic. I tremble lest he should revenge our Sentence.

Isid. If we should resist, he'll level *Athens*.

Isan. And then woe to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters.

Nic. What will become of you and me *Pharax* ?
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

Pha. Let us appear most forward in delivering up the
Town to him.

Nic. If we resist, hee'll use a Conquerours Power,
And nothing then will scape the fury of
The Headstrong Souldiers, we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets
Strike terror in me ! Heav'n, help all. [Enter Herald]

Enter Alcibiades and his Army.

Alcib. What answer make they to my summons ?

Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white Flag ! let us approach 'em.
Hoe ! you on the works ! give me and my Army entrance,
Or I'll let loose the fury of my Souldiers,
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine ;
And such a flame I'll light about your ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.

Nic. My noble Lord ! we mean nothing less.

Pha. Only we beg your honour will forgive us.

Nic. We have been ungrateful, and are much ashamed on't ;
Your Lordship shall tread upon our necks if you think good ;
We cannot but condemn our selves ;
But we appeal to your known mercy and
Your Generosity.

Pha. March noble Lord into our City
With all the Banners spread ; we are thy Slaves.

Helius. Your footstools.

Isid. What ever you will make us.

Thras. Enter our City, noble *Alcibiades* ; but leave
Your rage behind you.

Isan. Set but your Foot against our Gates, and they

Shall !

Shall open — so you will enter like a friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations,
For if I set my battering Rams to work,
You must expect no mercy.

Nic. We will my good Lord —

[*They all come down, Nic. present Alcibiades
the Keys upon his Knees.*]

Our lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy mercy for protection.

Alcib. You merit as much mercy as you shov'd
To *Thrasibulus*, such monstrous ingratitude
Will make your villainous names grow odious
To all the race of men, but to your selves
To whom vertue is so.

Phe. 'Twas the whole Senates voice.

Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wrested the Pow'r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worse than they;
But most of you deserve the Ostracism:
Some of you are such Rogues you'd shame the Gibbet.

Nic. Good my Lord! tread on our necks, but pardon us.

Phe. Wee'l be your Slaves if you'l forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibulus* when he's dead?
Must we be us'd thus after our frequent hazards, and our
Toils, hard weary marching! watching! fasting!
Such dreadful hardships, lying out such nights
A Beast could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Purfy-lazy-knaves, that snort
In peace at home, and wallow in their bags?
Must we the Bullwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phe. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of shame and guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades*.

Thras. We heartily repent.

Isid. Wee'l kiss thy feet, good Lord.

Isan. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me

In the Arse, where I'll order the walls
To Assemble all the people —
And on your Knees present your selves
With Halters 'bout your necks!

Pha. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the Gods if you
Fail in this point, I'll hang ye all,
Rifle your Houses, and extirpate all
Your race — March on.
Give order that not a man shall break his ranks,
Or shall offend the regular course of Justice,
On penalty of Death — March on — [Ex. Omnes.

Enter Timon and Evandra coming out of the Cave.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and bend
Like Flowers ore-charg'd with dew, who's yielding stalks
Cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial which
Will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, sweet *Evandra*,
I have taken the best Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at heart.

Evan. Oh my dear *Timon*! must we then part?
That I should live to see this fatal day!
Had death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra*! lead me to my Grave!
Lest Death o'retake me — he pursues me hard:
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last office thou
Can'st do for *Timon*.

Evan. Hard, stubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that court thee?

Tim. Lay me gently down
In my last tenement. Death's the truest Friend,
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So, now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almost finish'd! Now my best *Evandra*

I charge thee, by our loves, our mutual loves,
Live! and live happy after me: and if
A thought of *Timon* comes into thy mind,
And brings a tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it — quickly, strive to forget me.

Evan. Oh! *Timon*! Thinkst thou I am such a Coward,
I will not keep my word? Death shall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Resign my life in peace, I will be with thee
After my Death; my soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, and guard thee from
All harm.

Evan. Life is the greatest harm when thou art dead.

Tim. Canst thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
Thee in his sad Calamities?

Evan. It is a blessing to share any thing
With thee! oh thou look'st pale! thy countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?

Tim. To my last home. I charge thee live, *Evandra*!
Thou lov'st me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only! dearest! kind! constant thing on earth,
Farewel.

Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the world were so,
I must make haste, or I shall not o're-take
Him in his flight. *Timon*, I come, stay for me,
Farewel base World. [Stabs her self. Dies.

Enter Alcibiades, Phrinias, and Thais, his Officers, and Souldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People, by degrees assembling.

Enter Melissa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conquest ever bless thee.
Wonder and terror of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy *Melissa*'s happy
She has liv'd to see the utmost day she wish'd for.

Her

Her *Alcibiades* return with Conquest
O're this ungrateful City; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e're this.

Alcib. What gay, vain, prating thing is this?

Mel. How my Lord! do you question who *Melissa* is?
And give her such foul Titles?

Alcib. I know *Melissa*, and therefore give her such
Titles: for when the Senate banisht me;
She would not see me, tho' upon her knees
Before she had sworn eternal love to me;
I see thy snares too plain to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'r refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witness!
Who ever told you so, betray'd me basely:
Not see you! sure there's not a fight on earth
I'd chuse before you: You make me astonish'd!

Alcib. All this you swore to *Timon*; and next day
Despis'd him — I have been inform'd
Of all your falsehood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honest faithful Whores!
Good Antidotes against thy poison — Love;
Thy base false love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, faithful, loving Whore, better than
A thousand base, ill-natur'd honest Women?

Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee:
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,
I will present you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this scorn — Farewel,
I'll never see you more. [Exit.]

Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Soldiers with drawn Swords, haling in Apemantus.

How now! what means this violence?

I Sould. My Lord! this snarling Villainous Philosopher,

With open mouth rail'd at the Army;
He said the General was a Villain: shall we
Cut his throat?

Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him!
Why *Apemantus* didst thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always speak my thoughts: not all
The Swords o'th' Army bent against my throat
Can fright me from the truth —

Alcib. Why, dost thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, this base Town deserves thy scourge,
And all the Terror and the punishment,
Thou can'st inflict upon it: the deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill; private revenge,
Base passion, headstrong lust, incite thee to it;
Had they not banish'd thee, thou wou'dst have suffer'd
Wrong still to prosper, and th' insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their oppression,
And wou'dst have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher.

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee,
All thy good parts thou drown'st in vice and riot,
In passion, and vain-glory: how proud art thou
Of all thy Conquests — when a poor rabble
Of idle Rogues who else had been in Jails,
Perform'd 'em for thee; How false is Souldiers honour
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the face of day
With daring impudence Men go to murder
Mankind — but in the greatest actions of their Lives
The getting men, they sneak and hide themselves i'th' dark;
I scorn your folly and your madness.

Alcib. Thou art a snarling Cur.

Sould. Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever-honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his sake I spare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* lose his pains in thee!
Hadst thou observ'd his principles, thou'dst been honest.

Enter 17

*Enter Nicias, Thraſillus, Phœax, Iſidore, Iſander, and
Clean, with Halcyon about their necks.*

Nicias. We come my noble Lord at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy mercy,

Phœ. Spare our lives, and wee'l employ 'em in
Thy ſervice, worthy *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful Knaves?
All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have uſed me baſely.

All. We have, but we are very ſorry.

Alcib. I ſhould do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer; but thouſand ſuch baſe lives
As yours would not weigh with his! go, ye have
Your liberty. And now the people are aſſembled,
I will declare my intentions towards them.

[He aſcends the Pulpite.]

My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjuſt ſentence paſt upon me,
In the return of which I have ſubdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted places;
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And have with continual toil and numberleſs dangers
Stretcht out the bounds of your Dominions far
Above your hopes or expectations.

I will not recount the many enterpriſes,
No Grecian can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have ſerv'd you. Now it remains

I farther ſhou'd declare my ſelf; I come
Firſt to free you good Citizens of *Athens*
From the moſt inſupportable yokes

Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next

To claim my own Eſtate which has unjuſtly
By them been kept from me that rais'd them.

I do confeſs, I in revenge of your decree

Againſt me, ſet up them, but never thought

They would have been ſuch Curſed Tyrants to you,

THE

Till now, they have gone on and fill'd the time
 With most licentious acts; making their wills,
 Their base corrupted wills, the scope of Justice,
 While you in vain groan'd under all your sufferings.
 Thus when a few shall Lord it o're the rest,
 They govern for themselves and not the People.
 They rob and pill from them, from thence t' increase
 Their private stores; but when the Government
 Is in the Body of the People, they
 Will do themselves no harm; therefore henceforth
 I do pronounce the Government shall devolve upon the
 People, and may Heav'n prosper 'em.

*People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Long live
 Alcibiades, Liberty, Liberty, &c. [Alcib. Descends.*

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My noble Lord! I went as you commanded;
 And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
 Stab'd, and just by him lying in his Tomb,
 On which was this Inscription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

*Here lies a wretched Corse, of wretched Soul bereft,
 Timon my name, a Plague consume you Caitiffs left.*

Poor *Timon*! I once knew thee the most flourishing man
 Of all th' *Athenians*, and thou still hadst been so,
 Had not these smiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
 And murder'd thee with base ingratitude.
 His death pull'd on the poor *Evandra's* too;
 That Miracle of Constancy in Love.
 Now all repair to their respective homes,
 Their several Trades, their business and diversions;
 And whilst I guard you from your active Foes,
 And fight your Battels, be you secure at home.

*May Athens flourish with a lasting Peace;
 And may its wealth and power ever increase.*

*All the People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
 Liberty, Liberty, &c.*

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Epilogue.

IF there were hopes that ancient solid Wit
Might please within our new fantastick Fit;
This Play might then support the Criticks Stock,
This Scien grafted upon Shakespears Stock;
For join'd with his our Poets part might thrive,
Kept by the vertue of his sap alive;
Though now no more substantial English Playes,
Than good old Hospitality you praise;
The time shall come when true old sence shall rise
In Judgment over all your vanities.
Slight kickshaw Wit o'th Stage, French meat at Feasts,
Now daily Tantalize the hungry Onsets;
While the old English Chine us'd to remain,
And many hungry onsets would sustain.
At these thin Feasts each Morfel's swallow'd down,
And ev'ry thing but the Guests stomach's gone.
At these new fashion'd Feasts you have but a Tast,
With Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Fast.
This Jantee slightness to the French we owe,
And that makes all slight Wits admire 'em so.
They're of one Level, and with little pains
The Frothy Poet good reception gains;
But to hear English Wit there's use of brains.
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
In want of Learning, Affectation, Wit,
And which is most, in Cloaths, wee'l ne'r submit.
Their Ships or Plays o're ours shall ne'r advance,
For our Third Rates shall match the First of France.
With English Judges this may bear the Test,
Who will for Shakespear's part forgive the rest.
The Sparks judge but as they hear others say,
They cannot think enough to mind the Play.

They

They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come,
Or cause they cannot read or think at home;
Each here deux yeux and amorous looks imparts,
Levells Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts;
Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for vanity wou'd have 'em kind.
No passion —

But for their own Dear persons them can move,
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit, nor Beauty, their hard Hearts can strike,
Who only their own sence or persons like.
But to the men of Wit our Poet flies,
To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.
Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
And with each Mistress we must favour find,
They for Evandra's sake will sure be kind;
At least all those to constant Love inclin'd.

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FINIS.
